

IN MERRY MOOD

NIXON WATERMAN





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In Merry Mood

BY
NIXON WATERMAN



A BOOK OF VERSES

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"



IN MERRY MOOD

A Book of Cheerful Rhymes



Each 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.25

In Merry Mood

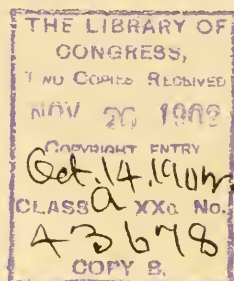
A Book of Cheerful Rhymes

By
Nixon Waterman



Boston and Chicago
Forbes & Company
1902

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To the Reader:
in my manner

This little book is not so bad,
Or so it seems to me,
As what you might have
thought it had.

I made it thicker, see?
And should you note some
slight defect

Within this wreath of verse,
Please don't forget to recollect
I've written stuff that's worse.

Nixon Waterman

INSTEAD OF A PREFACE

As a matter of course, whoever is responsible for the publication of a book must feel a certain anxiety lest the reader be not appreciative of its merits. Out of this anxiety comes what is commonly known as a "preface." The author usually feels that he must meet the prospective reader at the threshold, and in some fashion prepare him for the disappointment that is to follow. I omit from the present volume any form of preface, for two reasons, — neither of which I feel called upon to give.

For permission to reprint many of the poems in this volume thanks are due the courtesy of the editors of *The Hayville Watch Tower*, *The Mush and Milk Quarterly*, *The Brush Creek Banner*, *The Hide and Tallow Investigator*, *The Pikeville Palladium*, and *The Butterine Vindicator*.

It is with a feeling of both sorrow and pride that I avail myself of this opportunity to answer in a general way letters received from time to time from magazine editors asking if it will be convenient for me to contribute articles desired for their publications. To each of these I would say :

In thanking you for your flattering request I must

Instead of a Preface

express my regret that I am unable to avail myself of your offer, at this time, as I shall be occupied for several months in preparing manuscripts already promised.

In declining to furnish the contribution you request, I trust the motives prompting my action will not be misconstrued. No reflection, whatever, upon the merit or character of your publication is intended. My non-acceptance of your offer may result from one or more of many causes, none of which relates to the desirability of your publication as a means of placing my work before the public.

An editor on having a request for manuscript rejected should not infer, necessarily, that his offer lacks the qualities that would ensure its acceptance by other writers of creditable standing. A request for manuscript which one writer may refuse, another may gladly consider.

Again thanking you for your pleasant communication, I am,

Very sincerely, etc.,

NIXON WATERMAN.

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IN MERRY MOOD



I N shaping up this book of rhymes,
I do not mind admitting,
I've changed them 'round a dozen times
To make them seem more fitting.
I know the first one ought to be
So fashioned 't would arrest one
And make him read, and so, you see,
I've tried to find the best one.

But, oh, so many are so good,
(The critics may deny it,)
To find the best I never could,
'T is useless, quite, to try it.
And so I print these lines instead,
Preferring that the reader
Shall say, when he the book has read,
Which one should be the leader.

THE ONE WITH A SONG

THE cloud-maker says it is going to storm,
And we 're sure to have awful weather, —
Just terribly wet, or cold, or warm,
Or, maybe, all three together ;
But, while his spirit is overcast
With the gloom of his dull repining,
The one with a song comes smiling past,
And, lo ! the sun is shining.

The cloud-maker tells us the world is wrong,
And is bound in an evil fetter,
But the blue-sky man comes bringing a song
Of hope that shall make it better ;
And the toilers, hearing his voice, behold
The sign of a glad to-morrow,
Whose hands are heaped with the purest gold
Of which each heart may borrow.

DEACON EASY'S OPINION

HELL 'S playin' out! No matter what the
orthodoxers say

That 's tryin' fer to keep it hot, it's fadin' every
day.

The place where sinners sweltered in the tortures
o' the damned,

Has kind o' been made over like, an' sort o' cooled
an' ca'med.

The pit o' burnin' sulphur over which they used to
shake

A feller every Sunday, so's to keep him wide
awake,

An' the awful smell o' brimstone an' the imps that
shrieked with glee,

They ain't one-half so terrible as what they used
to be.

Some pious people say it's wrong to let the fires
die;

They'd ruther keep 'em goin' jest to hear the sin-
ners cry.

Deacon Easy's Opinion

“What good is heaven goin’ to prove?” they ask,
“fer me er you
If everybody else gits in to share the glory, too?”

I’d rather that the Lord ’d save us all among the
blest,

Ner damn a soul, not even his who wants to damn
the rest.

I’m glad the fire ’s dyin’ out, jest awful glad, an’
yit

I s’pose fer them that want a hell that’s what
they ought to git.

A DEFENCE OF SHAKESPEARE

SOME folks declare we geniuses are cold toward
one another,

But here and now I show the world that I 'll de-
fend a brother

Against the slanders of the foes who offer to
demean us,

The very same as if there were no rivalry be-
tween us.

Now there are those who do not like our Shake-
speare, so 't is said,

Because, by will, he left his wife his "second best
bed,"

But when he made his will, no doubt — 't is easy
to perceive it —

He occupied his best bed and was then too sick
to leave it.

WHEN JOHN COMES HOME FROM COLLEGE

WHEN he comes home from college, why, I
cal'late John 'll know
'Bout all there is worth findin' out, if what he
writes is so.
He sort o' intimates it won't be worth our while
to look
Fer things that he can't tell us, 'twixt the covers of
a book.

Last week an agent come along an' wasted half a
day,
An' done his best to make me buy a cy-clo-pe-di-a
In thirty-five big volumes ; but I told him from
the start
My boy 'd be home from college soon, an' knowed
'em all by heart.

I sort o' snap my fingers now at every gazetteer
An' dictionary an' the like, fer John 'll soon be
here,

When John Comes Home from College

An' then instead o' havin' fer to study out the fac's
Our John 'll up an' tell us, fer I s'pose he's
sharper 'n tacks.

But 'Mandy, — she's his mother, — well, she sort
o' shakes her head,
An' says some boys ain't much improved by bein'
college-bred ;
The more the brain develops an' the more the
head expands,
The less o' homely strength there is fer workin'
with the hands.

Concernin' hands that may be true, but with the
legs I know
A thorough college trainin' is the thing to make
'em grow ;
Fer Jones's boy from Harvard hit the barn-door
every shot
In kickin' all the punkins from a big three-acre lot.

I don't jest understand it, but I've heard from
two or three
That John's the best at fencin' ; well, that suits
me to a T,

When John Comes Home from College

Fer half the fences round the farm need buildin'
over new ;

So jest the minute John arrives I 'll give him lots
to do.

In highly educatin' him I hain't spared no ex-
pense ;

Says I, "I 'll git the dollars, John, if you 'll jest
git the sense ;"

An' one thing I 'm convinced he 's learned, an' got
it very pat,

Is how to spend the money ; I can testify to that !

THE BASIS OF CRITICISM

THE literary editor was feeling good and glad,
And not a manuscript or book he read that
day was bad ;
He scanned them very carefully, with notes, from
end to end,
He questioned very little, but found plenty to com-
mend.
But, oh ! that night he dined on cheese, of strong
stuff drank a lot ;
Devoured limes and lobsters ; ate a mince pie,
extra hot ;
And on the morrow every book he ventured to
attack
He said was "rank" and "rocky," as he "ripped
it up the back."

THE GARDEN'S MESSAGE

WITHIN my garden, hedged around
With many a fragrant flower, is found,
When summer spreads her azure skies,
A host of brilliant butterflies.

I know not how each rover brings
So much of beauty on his wings ;
I only know the dark cocoon
Once hid this joyousness of June.

Such wondrous grace is there, it seems
More like the witchery of dreams ;
My eyes behold, yet I am slow
To sense the transcendental glow.

But since these things I see are true,
May not some realm I journey to
Be my all-beauteous life, while this
Is but the cruder chrysalis ?

JOHNNY'S HIST'RY LESSON

I THINK, of all the things at school
A boy has got to do,
That studyin' hist'ry, as a rule,
Is worst of all, don't you ?
Of dates there are an awful sight,
An' though I study day an' night,
There 's only one I 've got just right —
That 's fourteen ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
In fourteen ninety-two ;
We whipped the British, fair an' square,
In fourteen ninety-two.
At Concord an' at Lexington
We kept the redcoats on the run
While the band played " Johnny Get Your Gun,"
In fourteen ninety-two.

Pat Henry, with his dyin' breath —
In fourteen ninety-two —
Said, " Gimme liberty or death !"
In fourteen ninety-two.

Johnny's Hist'ry Lesson

An' Barbara Frietchie, so 't is said,
Cried, "Shoot if you must this old, gray head,
But I'd rather 't would be your own instead!"
In fourteen ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock
In fourteen ninety-two,
An' the Indians standin' on the dock
Asked, "What are you goin' to do?"
An' they said, "We seek your harbor drear
That our children's children's children dear
May boast that their forefathers landed here
In fourteen ninety-two."

Miss Pocahontas saved the life,
In fourteen ninety-two,
Of John Smith, an' became his wife
In fourteen ninety-two.
An' the Smith tribe started then an' there,
An' now there are John Smiths everywhere,
But they did n't have any Smiths to spare
In fourteen ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
In fourteen ninety-two,

Johnny's Hist'ry Lesson

An' I think the cow jumped over the moon

In fourteen ninety-two.

Ben Franklin flew his kite so high

He drew the lightnin' from the sky,

An' Washington could n't tell a lie

In fourteen ninety-two.

TOWARD THE LIGHT

BRUSH back your hair and look up through
the skylight !

Don't blink at God through the eyes of a mole ;
Come from the gloom of a self-shrouded twilight
Into the broad, golden day of the soul.
Open your mind to the marvelous story
Ten thousand planets eternally tell ;
Think on their Cause nor beshadow the glory
With narrowing fears of a man-fashioned hell.

Say to your brother and sister, "I love you !"
Fill all of earth with your beautiful deeds.
Climb to the heaven of beauty above you,
Not on the ladder of meaningless creeds.
Sow in the sunshine and reap in the gladness,
Gather the joys as you journey along ;
God will not curse with an infinite madness
Souls that are filled with an infinite song.

INTERLUDES

SMILE, once in awhile,
'T will make your heart seem lighter ;
Smile, once in awhile,
'T will make your pathway brighter.
Life 's a mirror, if we smile
Smiles come back to greet us ;
If we 're frowning all the while
Frowns forever meet us.



Count that day really worse than lost
You might have made divine,
Through which you scattered lots of frost
And ne'er a speck of shine.



Canst thou see no beauty nigh ?
Cure thy dull, distempered eye.
Canst thou no sweet music hear ?
Tune thy sad, discordant ear.
Earth has beauty everywhere
If the eye that sees is fair.
Earth has music to delight
If the ear is tuned aright.

Interludes

Toil holds all genius as its own,
For in its grasp a force is hid
To make of polished words or stone,
A poem or a pyramid.



Words were designed for those who preach,
But deeds are for the ones who teach.



No man can feel himself alone
The while he bravely stands
Between the best friends ever known, —
His two good, honest hands.



If you love me and I love you
Then heaven lies all around us two.



“Blues” are the soggy calms that come
To make our spirits mope,
And steal the breeze of promise from
The shining sails of hope.



No door can shut so close and true
But love and death can still steal through.

LUCKY HIRAM STREETER

LUCKIEST man you ever see
Is that man Hiram Streeter ;
Don't presume there 'll ever be
'Nother such lucky creetur.
Knowed him since we was little boys
'Way back there together ;
His life's been chock full o' joys,
Mine o' stormy weather.

At school, 'f some puzzlin' answer stuck
The rest of us, he could tell it ;
'F I missed a word, 't was Hiram's luck
To know jest how to spell it.
So he continued to advance
Along the path o' knowledge
Till, 's luck would have it, he got a chance
To work his way through college.

Come back home an' went to work, —
Hard work, too, an' greasy, —
Fired an engine ! I'm no shirk,
But I like things kind o' easy.

Lucky Hiram Streeter

On an' on an' up he went,
Wa' n't nothin' could resist him,
Till now they've made him president
O' their hull big railroad system.

Yes, luck's the thing that makes the man,
'T ain't no use denyin' ;
If luck don't sort o' help you plan,
You might as well quit tryin'.
Fer years an' years I've waited round
Fer luck to make my fortune,
While Hiram's all the while been bound
Right toward success a-scorchin'.

My wife maintains it's work an' pluck
That made Hi such a winner ;
She says that if you wait fer luck
You'll go without yer dinner.
An I ain't sure but I'll allow
Had I 'a' quit a-wishin'
An' worked, I'd hold a place jest now
As good as Hi's position.

DOCTOR GOODCHEER'S REMEDY

FEEL all out of kilter, do you ?
Nothing goes to suit you quite ?
Skies seem sort of dark and clouded,
Though the day is fair and bright ?
Eyes affected — fail to notice
Beauty spread on every hand ?
Hearing so impaired you 're missing
Songs of promise sweet and grand ?

No, your case is not uncommon,
'T is a popular distress ;
Though 't is not at all contagious,
Thousands have it, more or less ;
But it yields to simple treatment,
And is easy, quite, to cure ;
If you follow my directions
Quick recovery is sure.

Take a bit of cheerful thinking,
Add a portion of content,
And, with both, let glad endeavor,
Mixed with earnestness be blent ;

Doctor Goodcheer's Remedy

These, with care and skill compounded,
Will produce a magic oil
That is bound to cure, if taken
With a lot of honest toil.

If your heart is dull and heavy,
If your hope is pale with doubt,
Try this wondrous Oil of Promise,
For 't will drive the evil out.
Who will mix it? Not the druggist
From the bottles on his shelf ;
The ingredients required
You must find within yourself.

WOMAN : A STUDY

WOMAN, woman, winsome woman !
Tell us, are you saint or human,
Or a toy Beelzebub has sent us from afar ?
We've thought about you, sighed about you,
Fought about you, cried about you,
Stayed up nights and lied about you, puzzle that
you are.

Just when we would dream we've got you
Figured out, as like as not you
Leave us topsy-turvy, guessing what to say or do ;
Now we hate you, then caress you,
Now berate you, then we bless you,
But our lives are stale unless you keep us in a
stew.

Some there are who really dread you,
Some who long to woo and wed you,
Some would banish you forever to a distant land ;
Artists paint you, poets verse you,
Bishops saint you, cynics curse you,
But "for better or for worse" you still are in
demand.

Woman : A Study

There are times you sadly vex us,
Puzzle, plague us and perplex us,
Till we wish you were in — Texas, very far away ;
But, although we sadly doubt you,
You 've such winsome ways about you
We can never do without you, so we let you stay.

THE VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER

DOWN at the corner grocery store
Sat Billings. Half a dozen more
Were grouped about the stove that day
To hear what Billings had to say.
“’T ain’t my fault I was born so late,” —
Here Billings lit his pipe — “It ’s fate ;
Yes, fate that shapes the lives o’ men
An’ tells ’em what to do an’ when.

“The ones who used to win success
Would find hard sleddin’ now, I guess,
In tryin’ fer to write their name
High on the deathless scroll o’ fame.
Fer any man with brains can see
Things ain’t like what they used to be
Back yonder when the world was new
An’ there was everything to do.

“Fact is, to-day there ain’t no chance
Fer anybody to advance.
The things worth doin’ has been done ;
There ’s nothin’ left fer any one.”

The Village Philosopher

Here Billings paused and took a few
Long, lingering whiffs, and softly blew
The smoke in clouds above his head,
And thought awhile, and then he said :

“ Now there 's Columbus : s'posin' he
Was one of us to-day, he 'd see
There ain't no worlds a-loafin' round
Jest sort o' waitin' to be found.
An' Franklin with his key an' kite,
He could n't interest us a mite,
Fer little children in their play
Are doin' all he done, to-day.

“ The printin'-press, the railway-train,
The ships that plow the ragin' main,
An' telegraph an' telephone,
An' all such things, were once unknown.
Then all a feller had to do
Was jest to think o' somethin' new
An' tell it to the people, when
They 'd class him with the brainy men.

“ Some folks say we 've as good a show
As what they had a long ago

The Village Philosopher

Fer findin' out things. That 's all bosh ;
Leavin's is all we 've got, b' gosh !
It 's blamed discouragin' to me
To sort o' glance about an' see
The easy things that men have done
That made 'em famous, every one.

“An' say ! I purty nearly hate
The man who dares to intimate
The wise men who have passed away
Was smarter 'n what we be to-day.”
Here Billings puffed his pipe awhile
And then with something like a smile
He added : “Guess they 'd got the worst
Of it if we 'd 'a' got here first.”

A HOBbled PEGASUS

MINE is a sorry narrative : My genius is so
rare

I cannot tell it to the world because I do not dare.
For should I write my level best, I very clearly see,
The world would just drop everything to stand and
gaze at me.

Were I to dress my grandest thoughts in my
sublimest style,
Shakespeare would be out-Shakespeared in a very
little while ;
And Milton, Byron, Shelley, Burns, — I 'd lay
them in the shade,
But, oh, I will not do it, for, alas, I am afraid !

You see it's this way ; nowadays they dig up
every note
And buried scrap and letter that a genius ever
wrote ;
They turn the world all inside out, they search-
light every nook
For everything he's put in words, and print it in a
book.

A Hobbled Pegasus



Dear Reader, just between us two, I may as well
confess

That first and last, I 've courted twenty sweet-
hearts, more or less ;

I 've rhymed the story ever new to each succeed-
ing flame,

For though the heart has altered some the tale is
just the same.

Of course, in nearly every verse I change a word
or two

To get a rhyme for eyes of gray or black or brown
or blue ;

Or if a girl is short or tall or, likewise, plump or
slight,

I change the couplet just enough to make it jingle
right.

But you can guess my feelings were those twenty
girls or more

To fish up all those letters I have written by the
score,

And have them printed side by side to show my
kith and kin

A Hobbled Pegasus

How great an all-round, duplex, three-ply genius I
have been !

Ah, well I know my safety lies in keeping out of
sight,

That 's why I do so poorly nearly everything I
write ;

For should I try my very best, some one, some
sorry day,

Would print my "Life and Letters," and the deuce
would be to pay.

THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS

WITH a kingly air and a fresh, firm tread
And a glad, proud shake of his haughty
head,

A wonderful sonnet came one morn,
Fresh from the brain of a Genius born.
Up to the door, with a dauntless mien,
Of the nation's foremost magazine
He boldly went, for he knew full well
That his were the lines that were bound to sell.

And then and there was the sonnet read
By the thick-skinned dolt with the puddin' head,
Whose heart and liver and soul were wrong,
For he did not purchase the grand new song.
The sonnet, stung in his wounded pride,
To another magazine then hied,
But hissed, as he turned on his heel to go,
"Your rival across the street will know
A gem of the purest ray serene,
And welcome me into his magazine!"

The Triumph of Genius

Oh, me ! Oh, my ! It is sad to state,
Once more he met with a sorry fate.
By this man, too, was his soul perplexed,
And the next and the next and the next and the
next

And the next and the next, till, by and by,
The sonnet who once was young and spry,
Grew old and lame, and his halting feet
Were sore from tramping from street to street ;
But still his weak, thin voice would pipe,
“ Please, mister, may I get into type ? ”

But it 's hard to keep a good man down,
And a Genius wins though the world may frown ;
And the editors, lounging in easy chairs,
Are sometimes taken quite unawares.
This bright young Genius he peddled tripe
Till he got him gold and a press and type,
And then, ah, then ! with a great, proud swash,
He printed his sonnet himself, b' gosh !

UNCLE ABNER'S WHISTLE

UNCLE ABNER has a sure,
Never-failing trouble cure.
Makes no difference what it is,
'T can't withstand that tune of his
That he whistles day by day,
Smoothing all his cares away,
Making heavy burdens light,
And the shadowed places bright.

Trouble, seeking out the men
It would bother, pauses when
It comes close enough to hear
Uncle Abner ; leans its ear,
Listens and remarks, "That tune
Surely makes him an immune,
No use trying to get at
Men who whistle tunes like that."

'T is n't what most folks would call
A fine, classic tune at all ;
'T just goes softly rambling on
Like a robin's song at dawn,

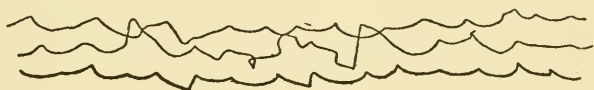
Uncle Abner's Whistle

Till, somehow, you understand
That his head and heart and hand
Form a trio that must win
Sweet reward through thick and thin.

I have watched him, rain and shine,
Tending plant and tree and vine ;
Never knew him, hot or cold,
To forget himself and scold.
Still, there comes to him his share
Of the world's big load of care ;
Comes, ah, yes ! but does n't stay, —
He just whistles it away.

THE BABY'S LETTER

THERE are letters prim and perfect in their
every line and jot,
In which each "t" receives a cross and every "i"
a dot ;
And rules of composition are observed with nicest
care,
While the very best of grammar is apparent every-
where.
But, ah ! no other message so a father's heart
delights,
As do those tangled tracteries, — the note the baby
writes :



Who dares to say that babies do not know whereof
they write !
Their meaning shines out warm and clear when
love directs the sight.
In every cabalistic line and angle one can see
A sweetly mystic prophecy of all that is to be.

The Baby's Letter

And hope brings to the yearning heart a borrowed
touch of bliss,

With dreams of home and heaven in the baby's
note like this :



When duty's voice has called us far away from
home and friends,

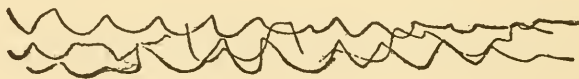
What joy to read the letters which the good wife
ever sends !

Her words are sweet and golden, and there gleams
between the lines

A gracious light through which a wreath of love
and beauty twines.

And when her kindly sentences are finished, how
it glads

The wanderer from home to see the note the
baby adds :



REAL ESTATE WANTED

THERE is n't land enough ! That 's why there 's
so much trouble brewing,
And war-ship manufacturers have all got something
doing.
Go where you will about the world you 'll find some
eager squatter
Has gobbled every speck of earth that sticks above
the water.

It used to be the proper thing, when peoples grew
too crowded,
To sail across the unknown seas which then in
myths were shrouded,
And find a brand-new continent as big as all
creation
And slice it up and trade it off to every tribe and
nation.

But were Columbus here to-day, and, likewise,
Isabella,
They could n't find a patch of ground as big as an
umbrella

Real Estate Wanted

That is n't duly tagged and stamped and charted
and, hard by it,
Perchance a war-ship loafing round to sink those
who 'd deny it.

In olden times geographies had maps that dimly
faded
Off into spots marked "unexplored," but now
they 're clearly shaded
To each degree and parallel, while tribes combat
each other
To have a boundary reset six feet one way or
t' other.

Yes, real estate is growing scarce, and, likewise,
so expensive
We ought to find some way to make the sea much
less extensive.
Of all the surface of the globe, why should but one
small quarter
Be solid land and all the rest just water, water,
water?

If you have crossed the wide, wild sea, and had
that tired feeling
That steals beneath the traveler's vest whene'er
the ship is reeling,

Real Estate Wanted

You 've often thought, as day by day you deemed
the ship was sinking,
There 's lots more water in the world than people
want for drinking.

So really all we need to make our landed surface
greater
Is just to find, for water, some unique annihilator.
The sea is now so far across it 's something of
a bother ;
We need but just enough to reach from one coast
to another.

And since in vain for still more land we 've closely
searched the ocean,
If we 'd increase our real estate, 't would be a clever
notion
To drain the sea until we find new islands rising
through it —
But where 's Columbus Number Two who 'll tell us
how to do it ?

THE ONE FAIR WOMAN

YE poets who for years and years have tried
and tried to trace

A woman who is perfect, quite, in mind and form
and face,

Please give me your attention while I truthfully
portray

The fairest bit of womanhood this old world holds
to-day.

Her cheeks are n't like the red, red rose of which
you poets tell ;

They 're just a sort of pinkish tan that suits me
very well.

Her nose is not of classic mold, I'm willing to
confess,

It 's what you 'd very likely call "tip-tilted," more
or less.

Her eyes are n't like the silver stars that shine the
long night through ;

They 're mild and kind and soft, instead, and oh !
so warm and true.

The One Fair Woman

Her hand is not a lily white, so daintily divine,
But, oh ! it's joy enough for me to feel its clasp
in mine.

Her neck is very pretty, but it is n't like the swan's
Which nature made so lithe and long for diving
in the ponds.

And I'm so glad she doesn't own an alabaster
brow,
For hers is warm and blushing, which is better,
you'll allow.

Of all your perfect women she's the fairest of the
lot,

And since I'm only human I am glad that she is
not

A "fairy" or an "angel," quite, for if she were,
you see,

How very, very odd she'd look when walking out
with me.

A VERY REMARKABLE CASE

OH, once on a time there lived a man
 (There may have been two or three)
Who fancied his death would sadly twist
 The whole community.
So he lived as long as he could because
 He knew what an awful space
There 'd be, that the world could never fill,
 With him in another place.

But the next day after he died the sun
 Rose up in the same old way,
And went right down in the same old place
 At the latter end of the day.
And a stranger got off the cars to stretch
 His legs, while the engine "drank,"
In the town where the corpse had lived for
 years,
And never once noticed the blank.

ALMOST A POEM

AT sundown on the sand-dunes by the sea,
The silence and my soul and I — we three —
(Say, there 's a ripping starter for a verse ;
There 's stuff in Shakespeare that 's a whole lot
worse) —

We saw the day slow darkle to the night, —
(And there 's another line that 's fashioned right)
The while uprose the moon, a silver queen, —
(I 'll sell this to some first-class magazine).

The waves, like pulsings of a mighty heart, —
(This thing is easy when you get a start)
With many a hollow laugh and angry roar
Came (in some way or other) 'gainst the shore.
And as we stood beneath that star-gemmed sky,
We three — the silence and my soul and I —
Each with the others crossed his trembling hand, —
(Here I 'll find something that will rhyme with
“sand.”)

O night ! O sea ! O stars ! (O me ! O my !
No wonder first-class poems come so high ;
It wearies me to soar around and round
And not permit my feet to touch the ground.

Almost a Poem

'T is not so hard to write a verse or so
About plain things that common people know,
But lofty themes, they strangely stagger me.)
At sundown on the sand-dunes by the sea, —

WHEN DADDY COMES HOME

WHEN daddy is sober and working along,
And giving my mammy his pay,
You'll hear her a-singing a sweet little song
Like the fairy you see in a play.
For she knows that at night when they meet at
the door
He'll give her a jolly good kiss,
But there's frowning and fears, and there's
trouble and tears,
When daddy comes home like this.

The people who laugh at a man going by,
Because he is dizzy with drink,
Will find all their smiles giving way to a sigh
If they'll stop for a moment and think.
And they'll pray for the ones in the desolate
homes

When Daddy Comes Home

Who must all of life's happiness miss,
"God pity the lives of the babes and the wives
Where the daddies come home like this."

THE GOOD OLD EARTH

I WANT to be an angel,
 But I'm in no great fret
To soar away, I'd rather stay
 Right here awhile, you bet !
Give me the world's glad laughter
 And hearts of sterling worth ;
Away with the hereafter,
 I love the good old Earth.

O, Earth ! A tender mother
 You've been to me and mine.
I'm blest with friend and brother,
 With meat and bread and wine.
I will not say I'm yearning
 To try another sphere :
Such gracious things your goodness brings,
 I love to linger here.

My neighbor, Deacon Watkins,
 Keeps sighing for to go
'Cross Jordan's strand to that fair land
 Where healing waters flow.

The Good Old Earth

But just the other day he ate
Some stuff that made him sick,
And he told his folks to rush and get
The doctor, double-quick !

THE DIPLOMATIC CADDIE

“**A**ND mind,” said the “links”-eyed caddie
To the boy he was teaching how
He must do the work, “my laddie,
I tell you here and now
There are times to be all attention
To every move and play,
But now and then come moments when
You must look the other way.

“When Smith or Jones or Foster
Is playing along with men,
And the ball by chance is lost or
Is hid for awhile, oh, then
He is sure to scold you soundly
And skimp you in your pay,
And fume and fret in an awful sweat
'Cause you looked the other way.

“But when one of them brings a lady
For a quiet little game,
And she stops to rest where it's shady,
And he goes and does the same,

The Diplomatic Caddie

Then, if you know your duty —

Remember what I say —

You won't be near enough to hear,

And you 'll look the other way."

A SHAKESPEARIAN JEST

WHEN Shakespeare wrote, "Have you not
heard

It said full oft a woman's nay
Doth stand for naught?" 't was then he erred
And in a most colossal way.
I'm willing to confess that Will
In lots of cases hit it right,
But in those quoted words his quill
Got off its truthful trolley, quite.

I had a mother once, ah, yes!
Whose heart with tenderness was fraught,
But when she told me "nay" I guess
I dared not think it stood for naught.
And had Will been a boy with me
And felt that slipper once or twice,
I'm very certain he'd agree
That mother's "nay" cut lots of ice.

In later years I found a wife,
A little, tender, clinging vine,
Whom I'm to keep and guard for life
With these big, stalwart arms of mine.

A Shakespearian Jest

But think you I am "boss" to-day?

Ah, no! The "vine" controls the "oak."

That stuff about a woman's nay

Will must have written for a joke.

KEEP A-TRYING

SAY "I will!" and then stick to it —

That's the only way to do it.

Don't build up awhile and then

Tear the whole thing down again.

Fix the goal you wish to gain,

Then go at it heart and brain,

And, though clouds shut out the blue,

Do not dim your purpose true

With your sighing.

Stand erect, and, like a man,

Know "They can who think they can."

Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus, half seas o'er,

Turned back to his native shore,

Men would not, to-day, proclaim

Round the world his deathless name.

So must we sail on with him

Past horizons far and dim,

Till at last we own the prize

That belongs to him who tries

With faith undying ;

Keep A - Trying

Own the prize that all may win
Who, with hope, through thick and thin
Keep a-trying.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

WE shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?

What Have We Done To-day?

'T is sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But *here and now* do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
 “ What have we done to-day ? ”

MYSELF AND I

MYSELF and I close friends have been
Since 'way back where we started.
We two, amid life's thick and thin,
Have labored single-hearted.
In every season, wet or dry,
Or fair or stormy weather,
We 've joined our hands, myself and I,
And just worked on together.

Though other friends have been as kind
And loving as a brother,
Myself and I have come to find
Our best friend in each other.
For while to us obscure and small
May seem the task they bend to,
We 've learned our fellow men have all
They and themselves can tend to.

Myself and I, and we alone,
You and yourself, good neighbor,
Each in his self-determined zone
Must find his field of labor.

Myself and I

That prize which men have called success
Has joy nor pleasure in it
To satisfy the soul unless
Myself and I shall win it.

MY GRANDFATHER'S OLD "SNAKE" FENCE

I LIVED on a farm, in my innocent youth,
With my grandfather, hoary and wise,
And many a lucid and logical truth
He brought to my wondering eyes.
Yet one thing I saw seemed so all out of rhyme
With a man of his wonderful sense, —
I've thought of it many and many a time, —

'T was my grandfath- er's old "snake" fence.

He harped on "economy" day after day,
And labored to "save" all he could ;
Yet he fashioned his fence in so crooked a way
It took twice the rails that it should.
And a broad strip of land, filled with briars and
trash,
Was left in the corners, and hence
It robbed him each year of considerable cash,

Did my grandfath- er's old "snake" fence.

My Grandfather's Old "Snake" Fence

But since I've grown older and travel about,
I find every man has a "trait";
On some line of thought he is crooked with doubt,
Though in everything else he is straight.
His brain may be clear as his reason is sound,
And his grasp of ideas immense,
Yet on some point or other he zigzags around

Like my grandfather's old "snake" fence.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO

THESE are some of the things a boy can do :
He can shout so loud the air turns blue ;
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand more they never heard.

He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck,
Till he fools the rooster, hen, or duck ;
He can mock the dog or lamb or cow,
And the cat herself can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped, or plain ;
He can thunder by like a railway-train,
Stop at the stations a breath, and then
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all of his powers in such command,
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments ever played,
And march away as a street parade.

What a Boy Can Do

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he 's wide awake and is keeping still ;
But earth would be — God bless their noise ! —
A dull old place if there were no boys.

POETRY A LA MODE

OH, the weird, wank wail of the billy-go-bing,
And the shriek of a whimpering loon ;
And the shimmering sigh of a dragon-fly
On the thitherward side of the moon.
And the shuddering shud of a river of mud,
And a dray and a hardware store,
For the next day it blowed and the next day it
snowed
Not any, none, never, no more.

Oh, the drip, drip, drip of a leaky ship,
And the boy, oh, where was he ?
Oh, I don't care a cent which way he went
For I get my salaree.
And there ain't no ship and there ain't no shore
And there ain't no earth nor air,
And there ain't no nothing any more
Nor never was anywhere.

Oh, the wheels go round and round and round,
But curfew shall not ring,
For the purple cow is dreaming now
In a bright red grape-vine swing.

Poetry a la Mode

“I am not mad !” Nay, not one whit,
 My spirit is all serene ;
For I ’m trying to think of some lines to fit
 The modern magazine.

PROFESSOR KILLEMOFFSKI

PROFESSOR KILLEMOFFSKI had but one
supreme delight,

Which was to find some certain way in which to
win a fight.

He cruised right round that thought until he made
a gun so great

And powerful that it could sink a navy while you
wait.

And when he had that gun complete so it would
send a shot

Right through an armored vessel's side and sink it
on the spot,

He set himself about it just as firmly to create
A war-ship made of stuff no gun could ever pene-
trate.

And finally he built a boat, and did his work so
well

That gun of his could never drill a window through
its shell ;

Professor Killemoﬀski

Its sides were some new kind of steel so tough and
firm and stout

That all the guns in Christendom could never
knock it out.

And yet he was not satisfied, but studied day and
night ;

He lunched on smokeless powder and he dined on
dynamite.

The fierce expression on his face was proof beyond
a doubt

That there were other problems still for him to
figure out.

He went away off by himself and built a secret
mill,

'T was " fifteen miles from nowhere," and he camped
right there until

He found a new explosive so all - powerful and
fierce

That it could send a shell through steel no other
shot could pierce.

He still kept on inventing ; every gun he made
would shoot

Ten times as far as all the rest and twice as straight
to boot,

Professor Killemoffski

Until, at last, he made a gun that shot so far,
alack !

The ball went clear around the world and hit him
in the back.

But maybe it was for the best, for, had he lived,
full soon

He must have made a gun with which to shoot
away the moon

And Venus, Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter and Mars,
And on and on and on until he shot out all the
stars.

JUNE - TIME

IT'S June-time, we can tell it by the murmur of
the bees,

It's June-time, we can smell it in the clover-scented
breeze,

It's June-time and it's tune-time for the birds
among the trees —

Glad June-time when the days are sweet
and long.

It's June-time and the roses spill their perfume on
the air,

It's June-time and the leafy lanes are wonderfully
fair,

It's June-time and in dreams we kiss our finger-
tips to care,

It's June-time and the world is full of
song.

But for the frosty winds that chilled the forest and
the plain,

But for the snowy drifts that filled the highway and
the lane,

June-Time

The June-time and the noon-time of the year were
all in vain,

'T was winter gave the sweetness to the
spring ;

And while his robes of fleecy white enfolded field
and fen,

The faith of better things to come was in the hearts
of men,

We knew in his appointed time the thrush would
come again

With love and joy and beauty on his wing.

The hills are crowned with gladness and the vales
are wrapped in rhyme,

A thousand notes are blended in a melody sublime,
It is the blissful season when we'd stop the clock
of time

And keep the June forever and a day :

With blue skies for a canopy and green fields for
a bed,

And joy and grace in every place our willing feet
are led,

There's happiness in every path and heaven over-
head,

So sweetly runs the winsome world away.

MAKING A MAN

HURRY the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man.
Off with his baby-clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain-foods and make him advance.
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar-school ; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy.
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath,
Until he wins — *nervous prostration and death.*

SMARTWEED AND TICKLEGRASS

LET'S not despise just common things,
For here's a truth there is no dodging,
The bird that soars on proudest wings
Comes down to earth for board and lodging.



How much of wisdom we can see
With sages who with us agree!
But fools who hold some other view —
Oh, bah! They're not worth listening to.



Shut your mouth and open your eyes
And you're sure to learn something to make you
wise.



Once on a time I sought to woo
A girl who wore a number two;
Her father wore a number ten —
I never called on her again.



Don't "hitch your wagon to a star,"
Young man, for as a rule,
'T will prove more practical by far
To hitch it to a mule.

Smartweed and Ticklegrass

We've noticed this, as we have eyed
The doings of humanity,
That what within ourselves is pride
In other folks is vanity.



A man of words and not of thoughts
Is like a great big row of naughts.



Take it easy, have your fun,
And let the old world flicker ;
The man who's always on the run
Won't "get there" any quicker.



It is bad to have an empty purse,
But an empty heart is a whole lot worse.



If some of the churches are as bad
As other churches say,
Their steeples really ought — how sad ! —
To point the other way.



If you have words of strength and cheer
With which to fill life's cup,
Why, speak them, — speak them now and here,
But otherwise, shut up !

A GENERAL CLEAN-UP

IT makes me kind o' sad to think this world will
wander on

In jest about the same old way when I am dead
an' gone.

'T will travel, so I calculate, on 'bout the same old
jog,

Ner wabble in its circumflex ner never slip a cog.

I'd like to think o' somethin' that would make me
jest that great

That when I come to shuffle off, the world would
have to wait,

Ner never do a thing but weep an' wail an' fret
an' stew,

Because I could n't be around to tell it what to do.

Why, hang it all! it seems to me that when I
come to go

'T would be a joy to jest break up the hull big
bloomin' show,

A General Clean - Up

An' see the world, from end to end, plumb shivered all to smash

An' all the stars come tumblin' down in one tremendous crash.

I don't want folks a-nosin' round the humble little slab

That marks my grave a-shootin' off their everlasting gab,

An' makin' faces at me through the cemetery fence
A-sayin', "That 's old Blinks's grave — he owes me fifty cents."

No, sir! I'd ruther have the world filled plumb up to the vest

With nitroglycerine enough to blow it galley-west,
An' when old Death comes sneakin' round to have his final spat

I'd like to touch the hull thing off an' let it go at that.

BACK-STAIRS POETRY

HE was a hungry poet, and he struggled with a
will

To earn enough of bread and meat his famished
form to fill,

But though he wrote incessantly, he found it very
hard

To make a living at the price they paid him by
the yard.

He kept on growing leaner, and his purse kept
growing slim,

Until one happy, golden day a brain-wave came to
him ;

“Eureka !” cried the poet, “I have found the way
to bliss,

I can fill a column quicker with

The

Last

Line

Set

Like

This.”

Back - Stairs Poetry

And, sure enough, a fortune lay almost within his
clutch,

For by his new-found process he could grind out
twice as much ;

And poems that had filled of space but half a yard
before,

He then strung out until they made a good long
yard or more.

And he who had been nearly starved began to
live quite high ;

On Wednesdays he had pudding and on Sundays
he had pie ;

Between this man and fortune there had yawned a
great abyss,

But now he bridged it over with

The

Last

Line

Set

Like

This.

The sweetest joys, they tell us, are the shortest in
their stay,

And pretty soon a lot of bards were writing verse
that way ;

Back - Stairs Poetry

But editors are foxy, and they cut the price in
half,

And when the bards protested, oh, they gave them
all the laugh.

And then the hapless poets, oh, they cursed their
sorry fate —

They had to sell their good straight stuff at stair-
way verses' rate,

For soon they learned the editors would speedily
dismiss

A poet who wrote verses with

The

Last

Line

Set

Like

This.

SONG OR SIGH ?

IF you were a bird and shut in a cage
Now what would you better do, —
Would you grieve your throat with a sorry note
And mourn the whole day through ;
Or would you swing and chirp and sing,
Though the world were warped with wrong,
Till you filled one place with the perfect grace
And gladness of your song ?

If you were a man and shut in a world
Now what would you better do, —
On a gloomy day when skies were gray
Would you be gloomy, too ?
When crossed with care would you let despair
Life's happy hopes destroy,
Or with a smile work on the while
You found the path to joy ?

CUPID'S CORNER

A WAY up in the attic where the wind says
“*woo-oo!*”

And the boards are warped and shrunken and the
breeze steals through,

We were seeking after treasure on a rainy day in
June

That her sunny smiles were changing to a golden
afternoon.

I loved her, yes, I worshipped her, but really did
not dare

To summon up my courage and declare it then and
there ;

And of my beating heart I asked, “Oh, what am I
to do

Away up in the attic?” —and the wind said
“*woo-oo!*”

She heard the wind's low whisper, and within her
smiling eyes

I seemed to read the hidden words, “He, only, wins
who tries.”

Cupid's Corner

My heart sprang up to tell its love, and kneeling
at her feet

I won the cherished vow that made my happiness
complete.

And now I say to lovers who are eager to possess
A promise from the dear ones who their lot in life
may bless,

If you would gain the happy prize you ardently
pursue,

Go linger in the attic where the wind says
“*woo-oo!*”

JUST THIS MINUTE

IF we're thoughtful, just this minute,
In whate'er we say and do ;
If we put a purpose in it
That is honest, through and through,
We shall gladden life and give it
Grace to make it all sublime ;
For, though life is long, we live it
Just this minute at a time.

Just this minute we are going
Toward the right or toward the wrong ;
Just this minute we are sowing
Seeds of sorrow or of song.
Just this minute we are thinking
On the ways that lead to God,
Or in idle dreams are sinking
To the level of the clod.

Yesterday is gone ; to-morrow
Never comes within our grasp ;
Just this minute's joy or sorrow,
That is all our hands may clasp.

Just This Minute

Just this minute! Let us take it

As a pearl of precious price,
And with high endeavor make it
Fit to shine in paradise.

THE WISE SIRE

COME hither, my child, come and sit on my knee
While I tell you as well as I can,
About all these wonderful things which we see
That appeal to the reason of man.
From our home on the earth we view many a star
And a sun that makes golden the sky,
But you are so young you don't know what they
are
And, candidly, neither do I.

They are really too much for your poor little brain,
All the puzzles you're certain to meet ;
Why is one flower spotted, another one plain ?
What makes the fruit sour or sweet ?
What keeps the sun shining ? What causes the
tides ?
What holds all the planets on high ?
You've found for these questions, and many be-
sides,
No answer, and neither have I.

The Wise Sire

Which first had its being, the egg or the hen ?

Solve that puzzle for me, if you please.

Did men spring from monkeys, or monkeys from
men ?

Oh, all such conundrums as these

Are really too deep for a youngster like you

To solve, though you earnestly try,

For I never have met anybody that knew

Their answers, and neither do I.

In short, my dear child, though your papa is wise

As most other men, he has found,

That while to acquire much learning he tries,

His wisdom 's not truly profound.

I boast a good deal and I make quite a show

Of my poor little portion of brains,

But down in my heart I 'm aware that I know

Just enough to come in when it rains.

CHRISTMAS LIKE IT USED TO BE

CHRISTMAS like it used to be !
That 's the thing would gladden me.
Kith and kin from far and near
Joining in the Christmas cheer.
Oh, the laughing girls and boys !
Oh, the feasting and the joys !
Would n't it be good to see
Christmas like it used to be ?

Christmas like it used to be, —
Snow a-bending bush and tree,
Bells a-jingling down the lane ;
Cousins John and Jim and Jane,
Sue and Kate and all the rest
Dressed up in their Sunday best,
Coming to that world of glee, —
Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be, —
Been a long, long time since we
Wished (when Santa Claus should come),
You a doll and I a drum,

Christmas Like It Used To Be

You a book and I a sled
Strong and swift and painted red, —
Oh, that day of jubilee!
Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be.

.

It is still as glad and free
And as fair and full of truth,
To the clearer eyes of youth.
Could we gladly glimpse it through
Eyes our children's children do
In their joy-time, we would see
Christmas like it used to be.

THE SONG OF THE KATYDID

WHEN the summer wanes and the orchard
lanes

Are sweet with the scent of wine,
And the apples red and the grapes full-fed
Hang ripe on the tree and vine ;
From the leafy hedge at the garden's edge
Or deep in the grasses hid,
Now strong and clear, now faint, we hear
The song of the katydid.

As the dusk dips down on the field and town
And the first star lights his lamp,
There comes the scent of spices blent,
From the meadows dim and damp.
And a simple tune like a drowsy croon
Brings rest to the drooping lid,
As we dreaming, hark, 'tween the day and dark,
To the song of the katydid.

'T is a note of cheer in the child's glad ear
As it follows the tuneful lay,
But it brings the sigh and the moistened eye
To the ones whose locks are gray.

The Song of the Katydid

For the years long sped and the hopes long dead,
And the dreams our cares have hid,
Steal back once more from a misty shore,
In the song of the katydid.

THE TRIALS OF GENIUS

SOMETIMES when I'm a-workin' jest my very
level best

To write a high-toned poem, I feel terribly dis-
tressed

To have to lay my pencil down an' go to doin'
chores,

Jest like a common mortal, while my fancy soars
an' soars.

It's mighty worryin' to be a high-born genius while
You have n't got the wherewithal to keep yerself
in style.

An' when I put my writin' by, some homely task
to do,

I ask myself did Shakespeare use to have his trials,
too?

I fancy I can see him now a-writin' on his plays
An' runnin' up ag'in' the snags I find these later
days.

I s'pose jest when he'd strike a thought he knowed
was mighty good,

He'd have to leave it then an' there, an' go an'
split the wood.

The Trials of Genius

An' when some big, inspirin' theme was jest about
to dawn,

I calculate that that 's jest when he'd have to
mow the lawn.

An' when his muse was soarin' high, — I've been
right there, you know, —

The garden needed tendin' an' he'd have to use
the hoe.

It is n't right fer geniuses like me to putter round
A-doin' all the humdrum things that everywhere
abound.

Our hull life's duty ought to be to sit an' dream
an' wait

An' muse an' let our hair grow out an' think o'
somethin' great.

That 's what I tell Amanda, — she 's my wife, —
but no, sirree!

Fer forty years that woman has been jest
a-houndin' me.

An' when I tell her Genius ain't no hand at doin'
chores,

She smiles, an' says, " Well, Genius, then, will have
to sleep out-doors."

QUAVERS AND SEMIQUAVERS

WHENE'ER, by chance, my love and I
Fall out, dark clouds obscure the sky ;
But, oh ! the sun shines brightly when,
Relenting, we make up again.



Dreams are from Fairyland despatched,
And to our minds are brought
In airy sleeping-cars attached
To misty trains of thought.



He growled at morning, noon, and night,
And trouble sought to borrow ;
Although to-day the sky were bright
He knew 't would storm to-morrow.
A thought of joy he could not stand
And struggled to resist it ;
Though sunshine dappled all the land
This sorry pessimist it.



“ Yes, darling ! ” he cried, “ you shall reign as my
queen,
Every gift of the gods shall be thine ;

Quavers and Semiquavers

All the wealth and affection of earth I shall glean
For the joy of my princess, divine !”

“Oh, dearest,” she murmured, “you bring me
such bliss” —

Here a blush warmed her beautiful cheek, —
“Just to think you are going to do all of this
On only eight dollars a week !”



If, ever, while this minute 's here,
We use it circumspectly,
We'll live this hour, this day, this year,
Yes, all our lives correctly.



Better, my dear, be an angel here,
Than wait until you die,
For a pair of wings will be handy things
To carry you to the sky.

MANDY'S WOMAN'S CLUB

SINCE Mandy joined the Woman's Club, land
sakes, how she has changed !

And everything about the house has all been
rearranged.

And all that Mandy says and does now means a
whole lot more

Than simple, commonplace affairs have ever meant
before.

She talks of science, politics, of chemistry and
art ;

Each ology and ism, oh, she has 'em all by heart ;
For lecturers on every theme address her club, you
see,

And straightway Mandy hurries home to try their
talk on me.

Yes, Mandy's taught me how to breathe ; I never
knew before,

Although I've tried it day and night for forty years
and more ;

And now she's learning how to think, and says
that maybe I

Mandy's Woman's Club

Could sometime learn to do as much if I would
only try.

She's also learning how to eat, and what and when
and where ;

Our foods are tried and tested, weighed and meas-
ured out with care.

It frightens me to think that once we ate just
common stuff,

Yes, ate it and kept eating till we thought we had
enough.

And Mandy says that harmony is what the spirit
craves, —

Health, beauty, wisdom, all are brought on vibra-
tory waves.

When these are as they ought to be, the cares of
life are gone,

And all a mortal has to do is just live on and on.

It saddens my poor heart to know my great-grand-
parents died

When they were only ninety odd ; it cannot be
denied

Mandy's Woman's Club

That, if those poor old simple souls had found a
way to get
The worlds of wisdom Mandy has, they'd all be
living yet.

UNION WAGES

MY board and clothes and a place to sleep
Are all that I can earn.

I rise with the lark and work till dark,
And save at every turn.

I strive, and yet all I can get,
Though I grab, and grasp, and keep,
And house, and hoard, is just my board
And clothes and a place to sleep.

My lot would seem a sorrowful one,
But there are others who
Work twice as hard their gold to guard,
For just these wages, too.
And smile or frown, or king or clown,
Or genius rare or cheap,
Not one of the horde gets more than his board
And clothes and a place to sleep.

THEM TUNES THE CIRCUS PLAYS

I'M mighty fond o' preachin', if the speaker
 knows his text,
An' don't hang on a point too long afore he finds
 the next ;
I like to go to meetin' an' you 'll see me, rain er
 shine,
When Sunday comes, a-waitin' in the house o' the
 Divine.
I like to lead the singin' er to help the thing along,
An' fairly split the rafters with some old revival
 song,
But notwithstandin' I adore the sacred hymns o'
 praise
I 've likewise got a hankerin' fer them tunes the
 circus plays.

An' goin' home from meetin' with my heart chock
 full o' prayer
I 've sometimes ketched my sinful lips a-whistlin'
 of an air
I 've heard the circus fellers play, — some tan-
 talizin' thing

Them Tunes the Circus Plays

That knits its tendrils round yer mind an' stays
fer keeps, by jing !
As deacon in the church I know them lively airs
ain't jest
What Christians ought to whistle on the day o'
prayer and rest,
An' mebbe that 's one reason why I like the workin'
days,
Fer then I whistle all I like them tunes the circus
plays.

I s'pose them solemn pieces are the only kind
there is
To make a feller realize this sinful state o' his.
You 've got to make him sorry-like — that 's why, I
understand,
Revivals would be failures if they had a circus
band.
But lively music ketches me, and, so I say, by jing !
That when my funeral is held I 'd like to have 'em
sing
Some solemn piece er two I 've sung through all
my mortal days,
An' then have some brass band strike up them
tunes the circus plays.

FARMER WAYBACK'S WOE

OLD Farmer Wayback's hair had not been tidied
up for years,
It hung about his collar and it covered up his ears ;
But one day, when he went to town to sell a load
of corn,
He took a sudden notion he would have it neatly
shorn.

The change was something striking, and he could
not blame the folks
He chanced to meet along the road, for getting
off their jokes.
At first he did not mind them, but they worried
him at last,
For all his friends and neighbors sort of "guyed"
him when he passed.

It seemed to him that every one was waiting just
to yell,
"Hello! you've got your hair cut!" when he
knew it mighty well ;

Farmer Wayback's Woe

And so he hurried home to get beyond the gaze
of men,
Where he could hide in peace until his hair grew
out again.

And he was thankful when he drove within his
barnyard gate,
But even here he heard the words his soul had
learned to hate ;
For all the hens came crowding round, and craned
their necks to see,
And "Cut, cut, cut-your-hair-cut !" cackled all of
them in glee.

THE KEY TO HADES

I POSSESS the key to Hades, and, my gentle
lords and ladies,

I intend to undertake a great reform ;
For the mortals bold and silly, I propose to make
it chilly,

Or, in other words, I mean to make it warm.
All the trying ones who bore us shall no longer
lord it o'er us,

And the pleasure of our being sadly mar ;
For their hosts I'll widely scatter, and I'll send
them — well, no matter,

If you miss them, can't you fancy where they
are ?

*If you miss them can't you fancy where they are ?
And rejoice to hear they're very, very far ;
For I'll now be busy stealing all who cause that
tired feeling,*

*If you miss them can't you fancy where they
are ?*

There's the man who, when the summer is a roast-
ing, frying "hummer,"

By his questions sets our being in a stew ;

The Key to Hades

In the fiercest kind of fire I shall broil him and
inquire,

“ Oh, hello there ! Is it hot enough for you ? ”

All the lovey-dovey cooers and the public garden
wooters,

And the spoony pairs who “ spark ” while on
the car ;

“ Baby ” girls without their mothers, and their
cigaretted brothers —

If you miss them, can't you fancy where they
are ?

There's the awful fiend who grinds me with his
constant “ That reminds me,”

And a story he has told me o'er and o'er ;

And another, half demented, who, when I have
just invented

Something new, declares he's heard it all before.

There are those who sigh to let me make a for-
tune, so they get me

Gilt-edged bargains which they sell to me at
par, —

Oh, my gentle lords and ladies, I possess the key
to Hades,

If you miss them, can't you fancy where they
are ?

MARY O'MALLEY

MARY O'MALLEY lives down in our alley,
Up-stairs, in the rear of a flat,
With her father and mother, her sister and brother,
A parrot, two dogs, and a cat.
Her face is a posy, her cheeks are so rosy,
Her mouth is like honey and dew ;
Your heart 's in a shiver, your lips in a quiver,
When Mary is looking at you.

O me ! O my ! O Mary O'Malley !
The neighbors all know you're the pride of the
alley !
You're fair as a dream, you're peaches and cream,
You're sweeter than clover, a thousand times
over !
And would you but marry, — you dear little
fairy !—

Is it single I'd tarry ?
Nay, nary !

Mary O'Malley

The first time I met her — how can I forget
her! —

She was bringing a basket of clothes ;
I looked at her sweetly, she spurned me completely,
And turned up her beautiful nose.
She's cunningly saucy and very criss-crossy
And stubborn, yet once in awhile
Your heart gaily dances because her sweet glances
Have wrapped you all up in a smile.

O me! O my! O Mary O'Malley!
Your glance is the light and the life of our alley!
You're better than gold to have and to hold!
Be done with your teasing, your melting and
freezing :
Oh, could I possess you, I'd feed you and dress you
And love and caress you,
God bless you!

“TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL ”

IF I knew you and you knew me —
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness ;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose ;
The “ why ” of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

POTPOURRI

THE sea's a turbulent affair
And full of froth and bubble,
Yet even if it were not there
We still should have our trouble.
For think to what sad straits we'd come
Without the sea, my brother, —
How could we ever travel from
One island to another?



"I'm greatly disappointed," said the cynic, "for
you see
This world was all created without once consult-
ing me!
It may be right in some respects, but still I greatly
doubt it,
And so I'm going to growl and growl and growl
and growl about it."



Some mean "old maid," without a doubt,
Who never tasted bliss,
Was first to start that scare about
The microbes in a kiss.

Potpourri

When Johnny's mamma calls to him
And tells him, Johnny, dear,
It's time to rise!" it sounds so dim
It takes a week to hear ;
But Johnny's up and says his prayers
And has his clothes most on
One minute after, up the stairs,
His father utters, "**JOHN!**"



Oh, the poet, he loved with a deep, deep love,
As he pleaded on bended knee ;
His dream was as fair as a white, white dove,
But cold as the snow was she.
And alas and alack, and some things like those !
His heart it was sadly rent
By the girl he had said was his red, red rose,
'Cause he had n't a red, red cent.



Speak no evil of the absent for
We never know, alack !
Just when the slandered may appear
And make us take it back.

A "FIRST EDITION"

A STARVING author wrote a book,
With highest thought inspired ;
But publishers to whom he took
His manuscript inquired,
"Is this your first ?" and when he 'd make
Affirmative admission,
They 'd say, "Our means we dare not stake
Upon a first edition."

The author borrowed type enough
To print the book he 'd written,
But overwork and cold rebuff
His flame of life had smitten.
Would that he were alive to-day
To see his toil's fruition,
For oh, what princely sums we pay
To get that "first edition."

THE POOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING

WE thank thee, Lord, that thou hast sent affliction to the rich ;
Dyspepsia, gout, insomnia, and other troubles which
Disturb their souls by day and night and cause as much or more
Of real distress than do the ills that thou hast sent the poor.

We may not have enough to eat — they eat too much and, so,
It 's just about an even thing which hath the most of woe.
We have no time to rest by day — they cannot rest at night,
So, all in all, it seemeth things are pretty nearly right.

We can't afford to ride, but there, again, their joy we balk,
For, oh ! thou sendest them the gout, and so they cannot walk.

The Poor Man's Thanksgiving

Thou sendest them rich food and drink, weak
stomachs, headaches, wealth ;
To us thou sendest poverty, plain living, toil, and
health.

Oh, glad are we the rich must have, while living
off the best
The land affords, a lot of things to rob them of
their rest.
And so we 're thankful for our joys, a goodly part
of which
Is thinking of the many woes thou sendest to the
rich.

A BOY'S VACATION

LITTLE Tommy Doodle and his mother spent
a week

At Gran'pa Doodle's farm, where Tommy tumbled
in the creek

And got his lungs so full of wet he could n't get
his breath

Till poor old Gran'ma Doodle had been frightened
'most to death.

He ate some poison berries that he found along
the lane :

It took a doctor half the night to soothe away the
pain.

He tried to ride a "kicky" colt — a risky thing
to do —

'T was quite a little while before they really brought
him to.

He stuck a stick into a hive of bees — oh, sorry
day !

He could n't see a thing until the swelling went
away.

A Boy's Vacation

He teased the goat to see if it was cross as he had
heard :

They had to work with him awhile before he
spoke a word.

And then he climbed a cherry-tree — just like a
boy — and fell

And broke his arm, and — sakes alive ! you ought
'a' heard him yell.

His mother took him back to town to get a little
rest,

But Tommy says of all his life that week was far
the best.

THE JOURNALISTIC LAUREATE

WHO is it makes the wheels go round and
keeps the paper going?

Who is it makes the ghost to walk, her golden
gifts bestowing?

Who is it fills the busy hive with happiness and
honey?

Who keeps the publisher alive and lines his purse
with money?

Oh, think you 't is the poet who his measured line
rehearses?

Ah, no! he could n't feed a cat on all he gets for
verses.

Oh, think you 't is the writers of the essay and the
story?

No, such as they could never make a paper hunky-
dory.

Alas! ye writers grave and gay, ye funny men and
solemn,

Who seem to love to spread yourselves o'er column
after column,

The Journalistic Laureate

'T were well for you to bear in mind, ye namby-
pamby quillers,
That all the stuff you ever pen is simply used for
“ fillers.”

But, oh ! there is a fellow who has things to suit
his notion,
An “ Ode to Spring ” he crowds right out with
“ Lumper’s Lilac Lotion ” ;
The publisher who pays the freight, your lofty
themes despising,
Bows down before this mighty man who brings
him advertising.

And so, good writers, one and all, if ’t is your
lofty mission
To see your stuff in big, bold type and a “pre-
ferred position,”
If you would have your happy share of all the
gold that glitters,
Why, hustle out and get an ad. for “Buster’s Bur-
dock Bitters.”

GOOD 'POSTLE PAUL

O H, I done read de Good Book, cl'ar plum'
through

An', I tells you, hit 's a mighty fine story ;
I 's fahmiliar with de Gospels, ol' an' new,
An' 'low I 's a-walkin' in de glory.
I like fo' to read 'bout de blessed Holy Ghos',
An' de saints an' de mahacles an' veesions,
But de part ob de Book dat I likes de mos'
Is where Paul p'int's his 'pistle at de 'Phesians.

When I looks down deep in mah po' ol' heart,
I wondah ef de Lo'd kin evah like me !
'Pears like de lightnin' 's gwine ter send a dart
Out ob de thundah-cloud ter strike me.
But I knows ef we 's good an' does what 's right,
De great Judge is kin' in his deceesions,
An' I turns to de Book an' I gits mah light
Where Paul p'int's his 'pistle at de 'Phesians.

Ef yo' faith 's kinder shaky an' you don' jes' know
Ef yo' feet is on de rock or in de mire,
'Postle Paul kin tell you de way you orter go
Fo' to keep you from gittin' in de fire.

Good 'Postle Paul

You kin slip by Satan ez slick ez a dart,

An' you won't hev no wrecks er no colleesions,
Ef you read de Good Book till you git it all by
heart,

Where Paul p'int's his 'pistle at de 'Phesians.

OUR THOUGHTLESS WRONGS

LIFE'S trials we could soften
If we 'd only pause and think ;
Tears would not flow so often
If we 'd only pause and think.
Our skies would all be brighter,
Our burdens would be lighter,
Our deeds would all be whiter
If we 'd only pause and think.

We would not walk so blindly
If we 'd only pause and think ;
We would not speak unkindly
If we 'd only pause and think.
Unrest we would not borrow,
Darkly clouding each to-morrow ;
We could banish worlds of sorrow
If we 'd only pause and think.

THIS SORRY WORLD

LOTS o' folks a-wearin' mournin' ; some folks
puts it on their hat ;

Others have a secret sorrer hid away too deep fer
that.

Some remind us o' their troubles with a lot o'
gloomy clo'es,

While there's some that mourns unheeded by a
grave nobody knows.

There is funerals occurrin' all about us every day,
Where the heart o' man er woman lays a tender
hope away.

There is faces that is smilin', there is lips that
laugh an' jest

With a wish as dear as heaven buried deep inside
the breast.

Love an' doubt an' joy an' sorrer come so sort
o' tangled up,

Can't guess if yer next-door neighbor's is a sweet
er bitter cup.

This Sorry World

Why a man is glad er gloomy — say, it's pretty
hard to tell ;

You may think he's got a picnic when he's at
a funeral.

So if you should meet a feller with the sunshine
on his lips,

Don't unfold yer cloud o' trouble like a terrible
eclipse.

Though he may be bright an' cheerful he has grief
an' sorrer too,

Only he's too kind an' thoughtful fer to dump it on
to you.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

THERE 'S no excuse for family jars;
'T is selfishness our pleasure mars.
The wife insists on this or that,
The husband differs — then a spat —
A fickle, foolish falling out —
Some words, some tears, a little pout,
Because they have not learned to share
Each other's wishes, and forbear.

My wife and I a plan devised
Whereby all points are compromised;
Though differences arise, with us,
We settle them without a fuss.
And how much better 't is to find
One to the other's views resigned;
It matters not what I may say,
We compromise — she has her way.

WHEN MOTHER CUT MY HAIR

I 'VE been down to a barber shop, the first dod-
gasted one

I 've tackled since I 've been in town a-visitin' my
son.

They trimmed my hair an' twisted it an' plastered
an' shampooed

Until they 've made me look 'bout like a reg'lar
bloomin' dude.

An' as I set a-thinkin', with the apron round my
chin,

My recollections got to sort o' runnin' back ag'in
To long afore I knowed the world had such a thing
as care,

When I was jest a little tyke an' mother cut my
hair.

When mother done the cuttin', why, she done it as
she ort ;

An' never used to ask me if I 'd have it long er
short.

She slipped my head into a crock, an' then she
grabbed her shears

When Mother Cut My Hair

An' cut my hair off even on a level with my ears.
There was n't any sea-foam an' a lot o' tryin' stuff
To make a feller weary when he knows he's got
 enough,
Ner no bay rum ner brilliantine ner easy sofa
 chair,
Fer which I had to settle when my mother cut
 my hair.

I s'pose that I'm old-fashioned-like an' sort of out-
 o'-date ;
I wa' n't born soon enough, er else I'm hangin' on
 too late.
But somehow these new-fangled ways the people
 now invent,
I figger, as the feller says, don't hit me worth
 a cent.
Fer down in that big barber shop, with all its fuss
 an' frills,
An' all the fancy-smellin' things the mind o' man
 distils,
I wished the goose grease *she* put on, an' bergy-
 mont was there,
An' I was jest a little boy with ma to cut my hair.

UNCLE JOSHUA'S EXPERIENCE

THEY have the blamedest fixin's that a feller
ever see

In them big cities nowadays, they sort o' puzzle
me ;

The last time that I went to town I stayed all
night — that 's how

I happened fer to figger in a lively sort o' row.

I 'd walked about the hull day long on them there
pavin'-stones,

An' when night come I wanted fer to rest my
weary bones,

An' so I bought a hotel bed away up next the sky,

But say ! the price I paid fer it was 'bout three
times as high.

I never would 'a' dreamed that men would dare to
charge so steep

Fer jest such common blessin's, but I had to have
some sleep

An' so I stayed, but told 'em it was all a put-up
job

Arranged by tavern-keepers in the city fer to rob

Uncle Joshua's Experience

Us fellers from the country. An' they knowed
't was truth they heard,
Fer though they winked an' blinked a lot they
never said a word,
But elevatored me to where I had to spend the
night,
An' right there 's when I had my fun a-puttin' out
the light.

That light was 'bout the queerest thing that ever
I explored :
It looked jest like a blazin' star a-hangin' to a
cord
That did n't 'pear no bigger than a piece o' cotton
thread,
An' fastened to some fixin' in the ceilin' over-
head.
I'd never seen the like afore, but still I thought I
knowed
The way to put a light out, so I blowed an' blowed
an' blowed,
An' worked about an hour with the blamed, in-
fernal thing
Till I got out o' patience an' declared I'd cut the
string.

Uncle Joshua's Experience

Oh, sufferin' saints an' sinners ! I can't tell you
how it was,

But some bone-jarrin' feelin' went right through
me with a buzz,

An' I'd 'a' bet a dollar I was dead as sure as
sin, —

I never would 'a' guessed that I'd be talkin' here
ag'in.

But after while, when I come to, I crept out in
the hall

An' yelled ten times as loud, I guess, as any cow
can bawl ;

Folks come a-rushin' up an' asked, "What 's all
the fuss about ?"

An' when I told 'em they jest laughed an' put the
blamed light out.

A WINTER MORN

A WINTER morn : The snow lies white, —
Earth's garment, woven in the night.
Above the purple, wooded hills
The sun steals up and softly spills
Adown the vale his golden light.

Like phantoms of the azure height
Frail cloud-forms in their filmy flight
Seem gazing on the grace that fills
A winter morn.

Athwart the land in vesture bright
The river seeks its course to write.
Hushed are the brooks whose vernal trills
Shall wake the golden daffodils
To happy fields that now invite
A winter morn.

“ COCK - A - DOODLE - DOO ! ”

I 'VE been down to the city fer a visit with my son ;

He 's into business fer himself an' gittin' rich like fun.

He 's got the blamedest schemes I ever see fer coinin' cash,

An' yit, some day, he says, he may be bu'sted all to smash.

I like to visit with 'em, but they stay up half the night,

An' in the mornin' lie abed long after it is light ;

But when I 'm there it 's hard to tell when day-break comes, you know,

Fer, listen fer a month, you 'd never hear a rooster crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo ! Cock-a-doodle-doo !

The bramer with his loud, shrill voice, the dominiquer, too ;

The little banty tenor an' the shanghai fierce an' slow —

I can tell the mornin' 's comin' when I hear the roosters crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !

“ Cock-a-Doodle-Doo ! ”

I'd hate to have to live in town an' stay there all
the while,

An' hardly ever see a thing but jest mile after
mile

O' brick an' stone, an' narrer streets, an' people
night and day

All actin' like they 're crazy an' a-pushin' every
way.

It's well enough to visit there a little while, an'
then

I'm allers mighty anxious fer to git back home
again,

Where everybody takes their time to talk an' laugh
an' grow

An' eat their meals an' sleep an' wake an' hear the
roosters crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo ! Cock-a-doodle-doo !

The bramer with his loud, shrill voice, the domi-
niquer, too ;

The little banty tenor an' the shanghai fierce an'
slow —

I can tell the mornin' 's comin' when I hear the
roosters crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !

“ Cock-a-Doodle-Doo ! ”

I like to have a lot o' room where I can stir about
Permisc'ous like. I hate to be ferever lookin' out.
But when you're in the city streets the people is
so thick

A man can't hardly step without some one'll up
an' kick.

But out here in the country we can freely knock
around,

With lots an' lots of air an' sun an' sky an' trees
an' ground ;

An' when the shadders come at night an' work is
done, we go

To bed an' soundly sleep until we hear the roos-
ters crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo ! Cock-a-doodle-doo !

The bramer with his loud, shrill voice, the domi-
niquer, too ;

The little banty tenor an' the shanghai fierce an'
slow —

I can tell the mornin' 's comin' when I hear the
roosters crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !

The robin's song is mighty nice when first it tries
to sing

“ Cock-a-Doodle-Doo ! ”

Along with bluebirds an' the rest about the comin'
spring ;

An' thrushes, too, are hard to beat — I like to
hear 'em trill,

An' nothin' could be sweeter than the sorry whip-
poor-will.

But I believe that, after all, among the feathered
host,

The voice, if stilled ferever, I should really miss
the most

Is jest the common barn-yard fowl's — some
folks 'll laugh, I know, —

But, anyhow, it pleases me to hear the roosters
crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo ! Cock-a-doodle-doo !

The bramer with his loud, shrill voice, the domi-
niquer, too ;

The little banty tenor an' the shanghai fierce and
slow —

I can tell the mornin' 's comin' when I hear the
roosters crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !

THE AVERAGE MAN

SOME days I am so very good and do such gracious things

I feel my shoulders just to see if I have sprouted wings.

At other times my wrongful ways deserve such stern reproof

I really half expect to see I've grown a cloven hoof.

And thus I oscillate between the righteous and the wrong,

Not really certain of the class to which I should belong.

Sometimes I walk arightly and at other times I limp ;

I'm never really sure if I'm an angel or an imp.

I wonder if the pious man has fleeting moments when

He'd like to just cut loose awhile and then get good again.

I wonder if the sinner has his seasons of restraint
That make him for the moment wish he might
become a saint.

The Average Man

Alas ! how many mortals are a tangled half and
half,

In part made up of golden grain, in part of wicked
chaff.

Oh, could we read them through and through, I
wonder if we 'd find

In each of them an angel's wing and devil's hoof
combined !

THE "WHY-DID N'T-YOU?" MAN

SINCE the world first began, the "Why-Did n't-
You?" man

Has ever been waiting around
To give, without price, countless words of advice
From the depths of his wisdom profound.
But whatever you do he will wait till you 're through,
Then point out some wonderful plan
That you might have pursued to great riches if
you 'd
Have asked the "Why-Did n't-You?" man.

He has n't a cent, for his whole life is spent
In telling folks where they were wrong,
And though wealth they secure while he yet
remains poor,
Still he 's willing to help them along.
Plain rules he can state to get rich while you wait,
But he borrows a dime where he can,
While the whole world is told that it might have
had gold,
By the ragged "Why-Did n't-You?" man.

The “Why-Did n’t-You?” Man

And day after day his one joy is to say
 “Why did n’t you?” this thing or that,
Deep wisdom he quotes and our errors he notes,
 For he seems to have all of them pat.
When first he was told that this earth we behold,
 God took but six days to contrive,
For a moment he thought, then this question he
 brought,
 “Why did n’t he make it in five?”

THE STUFFED LITTLE BOY

OH, sad is the fate of the poor little boy
Who has no one to teach him to read,
And who never may look 'tween the leaves of a
book,

But is left to grow up "like a weed."
Still his fortune is not quite the worst of the lot,
But is more like a picture of joy
When his very small share of distress we compare
With the woes of the stuffed little boy.

Oh, the stuffed little boy is a wonderful boy,
He's so very precocious and bright ;
He has tutors and teachers, blind, misguided crea-
tures,

Who stuff him from morning till night.
And this marvelous youth, still a baby, in truth,
By this wonderful brain-cramming plan
Has such wisdom acquired he is almost as tired
As if he were truly a man.

While he ought to be laughing in innocent play,
This poor little fellow must glean
The wisdom of books till wherever he looks
There is nothing but *facts* to be seen.

The Stuffed Little Boy

While the other boys run in the wind and the sun,
He is fed upon science and art,
Till we find him at ten with the learning of men,
But with never a dream in his heart.

It is good that the year when the springtime is
here
Does not jump all at once into June.
The sweet morning hours, with dew on the flowers,
Lead tenderly up to the noon.
Let the little ones play 'mid the blossoms of May
And with never a book to annoy,
For there's nothing so sad in this world, or so
bad,
As the fate of the stuffed little boy.

THE POET'S LAMENT

SMALL wonder 't is we poets of this prosy age
regret

That themes on which to found our lines are now
so hard to get.

Those dear old subjects which for years employed
the Muse's pen

Have all been sadly crowded out ne'er to come
back again.

The weary plowman never more shall homeward
plod his way,

He rides a sulky-like affair, and takes his ease
to-day.

The sower, scattering the seeds, not now afield is
seen,

For that, like scores of other tasks, is done by a
machine.

No more the mower swings his scythe, 't is rusting
in the shed ;

The hired man now drives a team that does the
work instead.

The Poet's Lament

The merry cradlers of the grain are gone, we know
not where ;
Their labors they surrendered to a patent-right
affair.

The jolly thresher with his flail upon the old barn's
floor,
He, too, has left the country, since his usefulness
is o'er ;
With others he was pushed aside and forced to
clear the way
For mechanism dull and dry that rules the world
to-day.

The busy loom and spinning-wheel, which maidens
plied with art,
Have gone and left us naught to play their once
poetic part.
Stern realism rules the age from cradle to the
grave,
There 's nothing left concerning which the poet's
mind may rave.

The sparkling mountain spring at which 't was joy
to drink, alas !

The Poet's Lament

Has now been piped, we get it from a faucet made
of brass.

And e'en the horse, man's noblest friend, is fading
fast away ;

The automobile's "chuff, chuff, chuff," we fear
has come to stay.

And now since all our tasks are done by artificial
force,

Toil, as a poet's noble theme, is out of date, of
course.

Whichever way we turn there 's naught but mechan-
ism seen,

And some assert that lines like these are made by
a machine.

GO RIGHT ON WORKING

AH, yes! the task is hard, 't is true,
But what 's the use of sighing?
They 're soonest with their duties through
Who bravely keep on trying.
There 's no advantage to be found
In sorrowing or shirking,
They with success are soonest crowned
Who just go right on working.

Strive patiently and with a will
That shall not be defeated ;
Keep singing at your task until
You see it stand completed.
Nor let the clouds of doubt draw near
Your sky's glad sunshine murking ;
Be brave and fill your heart with cheer
And just go right on working.

FAREWELL TO ROBIN

FARE thee well — the breeze is sighing —
Farewell, Robin, southward flying ;
Long and long —
Now you leave me — must be saddened
All my grove that you have gladdened
With your song.

Every southward-flitting feather
Steals a glint of golden weather
From my skies ;
And when fields no longer harken
To your notes, they dim and darken ;
Beauty dies.

'T was you brought me — blithesome rover —
Lily bells and bloom of clover
Sweet with dew ;
But, since 't is your carols wake them,
So where'er you go you take them
All with you.

Farewell to Robin

Through gray winter's gloom and grieving
In my heart hope will be weaving
 Dreams of spring,
When, the year's first joyous comer,
You will bring me back my summer
 On your wing.

SHREDS AND PATCHES

THOUGH life is made up of mere bubbles,
 'Tis better than many aver,
For while we've a whole lot of troubles,
 The most of them never occur.



Life is a grind : a sorry few
 Are blunted in their aim,
And some are sharpened keen and true,
 And carve their way to fame.



The heaven-seekers who know just how
Can almost find it here and now.



'T were better to send a cheap bouquet
To a living friend this very day,
Than a bushel of roses, white and red,
To lay on his coffin when he's dead.



Oh, brothers ! are you asking how
 The hills of happiness to find ?
Then know they lie beyond this vow —
 “ God helping me, I will be kind ! ”

Shreds and Patches

If you would pen some line that men
Would always deem as clever,
Oh, mix your ink with so much think
That it must last forever.



The mind is master of the man,
And so "they can who think they can."



Don't think your lot the worst because
Some griefs your joy assail ;
There are n't so very many saws
That never strike a nail.



The way is never very long
If measured with a smile and song.



The soul contains a window where
It may receive the sun and air,
But some with self the window cloy
And shut out all the light and joy.



Give but a smile to sorry men
They'll give you twenty back again.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK

EBENEZER BILLINGS called on Angelina
Brown,

And stayed and stayed and stayed until her face
was in a frown.

She fidgeted and looked fatigued and yawned be-
hind her hand,

But Ebenezer Billings did n't seem to understand.

He said about three thousand things of no account
and then

He blandly smiled and started in to say them all
again,

When Angelina's cuckoo clock upon the mantel
near,

It lifted up its voice and said ten times in Bil-
lings' ear —

“Br-r-r cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
cuck-oo, cuck-oo!”

But Ebenezer never flinched; he waited till the
bird

Was done with its cuckooing, when he did n't say
a word

The Cuckoo Clock

About how late 't was growing, but he just kept
talking on

As if he meant to talk until the coming of the
dawn.

Poor Angelina ! How she wished that he would
go away ;

She knew her pa would raise a fuss because she
let him stay.

Eleven came, and then the clock, still faithful to
its trust,

It yelled as if it firmly meant to make him go or
bu'st —

“ Br-r-r cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo ! ”

However, Mr. Billings did not mind the clock a bit,
But talked till Angelina — oh, she nearly had a fit.
She knew her father listened in the chamber over-
head,

And thoughts of what might happen filled her
very soul with dread.

She yawned, and in a way that meant 't was grow-
ing very late,

Yet Ebenezer talked right on, unmindful of his fate,

The Cuckoo Clock

Till midnight came, and then the clock, it sort of
cleared its throat,
And looking straight in Billings' eye it fairly
shrieked each note —

“Br-r-r-r cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo!”

Then Ebenezer roused himself and started for the
door,

But halted ere he reached it just to whisper one
word more,

And there he stood and talked and talked till
Angelina, she —

'T was awful! — but she wished him at the bottom
of the sea!

And then — her pa appeared and brought his
number 'leven feet.

Poor Mr. Billings landed in the middle of the street,
And as he rose and brushed his clothes and slowly
limped away

He heard the little cuckoo clock call after him
and say —

“Br-r-r-r cuck-oo!”

A COMPROMISE

WITH all my heart I loved Marie
And asked her, "Will you marry me?"
"Of all mankind," said she, in mirth,
"I would not wed the best on earth!"

Her words, I deemed, meant my defeat;
I sighed; she smiled. "Oh, what conceit!"
Said she: "Of men both great and small
Are you the very best of all?"

Then did I all my love confess,
Forgetting my unworthiness.
I'm glad earth's best she would not wed;
She's going to marry me instead.

IF WE DID N'T HAVE TO EAT

LIFE would be an easy matter

If we did n't have to eat.

If we never had to utter,

"Won't you pass the bread and butter,

Likewise push along that platter

Full of meat?"

Yes, if food were obsolete

Life would be a jolly treat,

If we did n't — shine or shower,

Old or young, 'bout every hour —

Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, —

'T would be jolly if we did n't have to eat.

We could save a lot of money,

If we did n't have to eat.

Could we cease our busy buying,

Baking, broiling, brewing, frying,

Life would then be oh, so sunny

And complete ;

And we would n't fear to greet

Every grocer in the street

If We Did n't Have to Eat

If we did n't — man and woman,
Every hungry, helpless human, —
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, —
We 'd save money if we did n't have to eat.

All our worry would be over
If we did n't have to eat.
Would the butcher, baker, grocer
Get our hard-earned dollars? No, sir!
We would then be right in clover
Cool and sweet.
Want and hunger we could cheat,
And our bills we 'd promptly meet
If we did n't — poor or wealthy,
Halt or nimble, sick or healthy —
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat,
We could get there if we did n't have to eat.

A THANKFUL PARSON

A PIOUS parson, good and true,
Was crossing o'er the seas
When suddenly there fiercely blew
A wild and sweeping breeze.
He feared the storm the ship would wreck,
His heart was sore afraid ;
He sought the captain on the deck,
But found him undismayed.

The captain saw the parson's fear,
And led him up to where
The servant of the Lord could hear
The sailors loudly swear.
"You clearly see," the captain said,
"If danger hovered nigh
They'd all be on their knees instead,
And asking grace to die."

The parson felt his words were true,
And when the skies grew fair
He marveled how the sailors knew
Just when to pray or swear.

A Thankful Parson

But when the wildly tossing sea
Had ceased to plunge and spout,
Unto himself he said, " I see
They know what they 're about."

But later on another storm
Came fiercer than before.
The parson heard, in wild alarm,
The ocean's angry roar.
He sought the deck in awful dread
The sailors, near, to get ;
He listened — then he bowed his head, —
" Thank God, they 're swearing yet ! "

WHEN A MAN'S IN LOVE

LIFE'S a jolly jag of joy
 When a man's in love.
He's as happy and as coy
 As a turtle-dove.
All the world is fair and nice
And as sweet as Paradise ;
Everything's worth twice the price
 When a man's in love.

Life's a big bouquet of bliss
 When a man's in love.
Earth is yearning just to kiss
 With the stars above.
Then *her* smile is all there is
In the world, excepting his ;
Say ! It's something great, gee whiz !
 When a man's in love.

Life's a mellow mess of mirth
 When a man's in love.
Heaven comes to dwell with earth
 Walking hand and glove.

When a Man 's in Love

Then all creatures, low and high,
Putting other duties by,
Just lay off to watch the guy
When a man 's in love.

FOLKS WE READ ABOUT

THERE seems to be no way in which an honest, modest man

Can get his name in clear, cold type for everyone to scan.

We've got to cut up some mean trick, or papers quite refuse

To notice what we're doing, for they say it is n't "news."

A man may kiss his wife and yet the papers never tell ;

But let him kiss his neighbor's wife and how the types will yell !

We may do just the proper thing for years and years, and yet

Receive not half the notice that one crooked chap will get.

Just let an honest citizen be sober as he may,

There are no headlines to declare, "Jones is n't drunk to-day !"

But let a man imbibe until he makes himself "a brute,"

And all the papers will exclaim, "Old Jinks is on a toot !"

Folks We Read About

A thousand bank cashiers remain still faithful to
their trust,
Too kind to flee to Canada and cause their banks
to "bu'st,"
Yet papers never tell us of these noble men and
true,
But give whole columns to the ones who skip the
tra-la-loo.

Ten thousand servant-girls refrain from using
kerosene
To start the kitchen fire, even if the wood is
green,
But just because one tries it and is scattered
galley-west,
Her name gets in the papers far ahead of all the
rest.

So, when I buy a paper, I'm aware I'll find a
dearth
Of news about the doings of the better folks of
earth;
For "news," as it is termed to-day, I've noticed, as
a rule,
Is very likely to concern a rascal or a fool.

ONE OF THE HAS-BEENS

IF Shakespeare were alive to-day,
Alas ! he 'd not be in it ;
He could n't make his writings pay
For just a single minute.
He 'd meet the coldest kind of bluff
From every one-horse paper,
For though he used to write good stuff
Just now he 's not the caper.

I know, because I 've written much,
Like " Hamlet," only better,
And given it my finished touch
In every line and letter ;
But still the editors rebel,
And each my work dismisses ;
For nothing nowadays will sell
But jingles such as this is.

And, say ! I 've so much heart I 'd hate
To see Will on his uppers,
The while we writers, up to date,
Would feast on wine-washed suppers.

One of the Has - Beens

I could not find such rare delights
Amid my wealth disporting,
While Will would have to go on nights
And do police reporting.

REGARDIN' HOSS-TRADIN'

WELL, yes, you take it first an' last, I s'pose
I 've made it pay

A-tradin' hosses ; anyhow, that 's what the neigh-
bors say ;

They've kind o' got a notion that if I jest git
a look

At any sort o' hoss-flesh I can read it like a book.
An' on the other hand they think that if a hoss is
mine,

No matter how played out he is, I make him look
that fine

His mother would n't know him, but, right here,
'twixt me an' you,

The man don't live but what some hoss can teach
him somethin' new.

A hoss is that deceivin' that I don't pertend to
know

His kinks till I 've perused him fer at least a month
er so ;

He's got a lot o' differ'nt ways, er so it seems
to me,

Regardin' Hoss - Tradin'

O' teachin' us we ain't so smart as what we think
we be.

Before you trade you try him an' you test him,
wind an' limb,

An' do yer best you can't find out a thing that 's
wrong with him,

But once the trade is settled, then — an' don't it
make you hot? —

He jogs yer mind with somethin' that you should n't
have fergot.

They say in tradin' hosses that there ain't a man
so high

An' pure an' true an' noble-like, but what he 'll
tell a lie ;

But when you speak o' liars, why, from what I can
recall,

I take the hoss himself to be the biggest one
of all ;

Fer don't he do his level best in every way he can
To supplement the wicked words o' some designin'
man?

A human bein' ain't persumed to stick to what is
true,

But when a hoss will act a lie, say, what 's a man
to do?

Regardin' Hoss - Tradin'

Now what I 'm gittin' at is this ; a hoss, if he finds
out

You think o' tradin' fer him, will let on he's fresh
an' stout

An' speedy-like an' willin', an' so good from top
to toe,

He'll make you give a lot to boot before you'll let
him go.

But when he's yours, well, say, by George! the
way that hoss lets down

Until he looks to be about the worst old nag in
town :

He'll balk an' bite an' run away an' bring you such
distress

That could you cheat somebody, would you do it?
Well, I guess !

At first, the ottymobile — this new-fangled thing
they've got

Fer doin' 'way with hosses — sort o' troubled me
a lot ;

But since I 'm gittin' on in years an' hain't got
long to stay,

Now that the hoss is goin' I'll be glad to get away.

I've traded hosses all my life, an' 't would n't seem
jest right

Regardin' Hoss - Tradin'

To jog along the highway an' not see a trade in
sight.

But there 's one thing I would n't do fer any mortal
price —

That 's trade the heaven-sent hoss fer their blamed
fact'ry-made device.

DEACON HOPEFUL'S IDEE

DEAR friends, when I am dead an' gone
Don't have no woful takin's on ;
Don't act so tarnally bereft
As if there wa' n't no sunshine left.
Don't multiply yer stock o' woes
By sorry looks an' gloomy clo'es,
An' make the trouble ten times worse
By allers follerin' a hearse.

When I depart, it's my idee
The most consolin' thing to me,
Would be to hear the ones I tried
To comfort here afore I died
Say, sort o' smilin' through their tears,
"Well, anyhow, fer years an' years
We had him here, so let's be glad
An' thankful fer the joy we've had."

It ain't no use to make a fuss
When death comes after one of us ;
The ways o' Providence, I 'low,
Are as they should be, anyhow.

Deacon Hopeful's Idee

Things suit me purty middlin' well,
An' even at a funeral
I'd sing, amid the grief an' woe,
"Praise God from whom all blessin's flow."

MELON SONG

OH, I tol' mah Honey, an' she tol' me —
I leaned right close to her ear —
An' she hung her head, but what we said,
I ain't a-gwine ter tell right here.
Steal along, steal along ; ever'body feel along,
Melons jes' a-crackin' at de core ;
Lif' yer foot ez light ez de fox in de night,
An' dey won't be a-crackin' any more.

*Hush, hush ! De 'possum's in de 'simmon-tree ;
Hush, hush ! De coon is in de cawn :
De rabbit ain't a-peepin' an' de mockin'-bird's
a-sleepin',
And we ain't a-gwine home till de mawn.*

Oh, I love mah Honey, an' she loves me ;
She's got a pizen tickle in her eye.
She's fair an' sweet from head to feet,
An' we're gwine ter build a home bime-by.
Slip along, slip along ; ever'body trip along,
Melons am a-lookin' mighty fine ;
We're gwine fo' to feast till it's light in de east,
An' we won't leave a melon on de vine.

Melon Song

Oh, I kissed mah Honey an' she kissed me, —
Nobody lookin' fo' to tell, —
One, two, three, four, — yes, yes, — lots more!
Fo' we both like de kisses mighty well.
Glide along, glide along ; ever'body slide along ;
Bettah keep a-lookin' fo' a gun ;
When yo' hear me whistle low an' long, jes' so —
(whistle)
It's a warnin' 'at it's time fo' to run.

A COMING "LITERARY" SUCCESS

I 'M going to write a novel that will sell so ripping
fast

That folks will come in crowds and fight for copies
while they last.

In fact, before it 's printed I must sell it by the
ton,

So when it does appear I 'll have the people on the
run.

I 've got my testimonials for street-car ads. all
signed :

Charles Dickens writes me one which says : " In
this new book I find

That, while I used to think that I could tell a tale,
I see

The author of this volume knocks the spots clean
off of me."

Another, penned by Walter Scott, says : " This
book is immense !

It makes my poor old novels look about like thirty
cents."

A Coming "Literary" Success

And these strong words from Thackeray: "Though
my books are n't the worst,
I never could have published them had yours been
issued first."

And William Shakespeare signs his name to this :
" While I am not
A novelist, I think I know a well-constructed plot,
And when your book is dramatized, as it is sure
to be,
Why, I can see the finish of the plays produced
by me."

Besides the street-car ads., we've got red posters
ten feet high ;
My publishers will " rub it in " to every seeing
eye.
They're going to push with might and main each
factor that promotes
Tremendous sales ! The book's to be crammed
down the people's throats.

And now that everything's in shape to launch it
with a boom,
To-morrow I shall lock myself all day within my
room

A Coming “Literary” Success

And write the thing, and after that we ’ll whoop ’er
up, red hot,

And make it go, it ’s got to go, no matter if it ’s
rot !

HIS SECOND WIFE

AS story-writers often say, "Once on a time
there lived a man,"

Who got it in his head that he was built on a
superior plan ;

He fancied that to him belonged the best of all
there was in life,

And everybody bowed, to him until — he got his
second wife,

And then —

Ah, then !

He slid down from his pedestal and she was seated
there instead,

And like a rooster sadly whipped, he found his
greatness all had fled ;

The sky that over him had smiled seemed strangely
hidden by a cloud ;

"I can't see why," he 'd often say, "a mortal spirit
should be proud."

His first wife toiled and strove for him, while he
ruled like a petty king ;

She 'd slave and save, and make and mend, and
wait on him, and fetch and bring ;

His Second Wife

But by and by she weary grew and left this sorry
world of strife ;—

He mourned her absence ninety days before he
got his second wife,

And then —

Ah, then !

He learned a simple truth or two, but oh ! the
irony of fate

That brings us that we ought to know so well, a
little bit too late !

He knew that when he should have smiled he
often gave a chilling frown,

And did not prize the golden light until, alas ! the
sun went down.

How often did he say that when his days on earth
had all been spent

Whatever wealth he left should then be used to
build his monument.

That was before his first wife died, but when his
final summons came,

He left his second wife a will and everything was
in her name.

And then —

Ah, then !

His Second Wife

She put him in a plain pine box, and buried him
where land was cheap,
And she 'd so much to think about, she really
had n't time to weep.
She took a trip to Europe with the wealth his first
wife toiled to save,
And all the widow's weeds there were grew six
feet high above his grave.

UNCLE PHIL'S PHILOSOPHY

I B'LIEVE most everybody 'd like to make the
hull world glad ;

There 's very few, so I contend, that 's bent on
bein' bad,

But oh ! so many things occur to switch 'em off
the track,

An' some folks, when they once git off, they some-
how don't git back.

The heroes in life's battle are the brave, deter-
mined men

Who, if they stub their toe an' fall, 'll git right up
again ;

An' so, amid life's many cares, the one successful
plan

Is jest to keep on doin' things the very best we
can.

There 's days when life 's as smooth as oil an' all
the world 's a joy,

With lots to bring us pleasure an' with nothin' to
annoy ;

But 'bout the time we tell ourselves good luck has
come to stay,

Uncle Phil's Philosophy

Why, everything gits all upset an' scattered every
way.

But, when we find we're shipwrecked, then we
ought to do our best

An' try to save out all we can from sinkin' with
the rest ;

Fer, come what will o' good er ill, the victor is the
man

Who jest keeps on a-doin' things the very best he
can.

O' course, we 'd like to do a lot to elevate the race ;
But, after all, right now an' here is jest the time
an' place

To start in on our mission, fer there's always
some one near

That's yearnin' fer a pleasant smile er jest a word
o' cheer.

So let's quit dreamin' what we'd do if things was
thus an' so,

An' make the most of all the gifts kind fortune
may bestow.

We'll do as all wise folks have done since first the
world began,

An' when we can't do jest the best, do jest the
best we can.

NED'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

DEAR Santa Claus: I write you this so you
will know just what
To give to me when Christmas comes. I want a
quite a lot
Of things if I can get them. First of all I want a
sled
To outrun Tommy Jones's, and I want it painted
red.

I hope you'll bring a drum for me that folks can
hear a mile!
Bob Smith got one last Christmas and has put on
lots of style
A-marching up and down the street. But, say!
I hope there is
Some kind that you can bring me that's a whole
lot louder 'n his.

And there's another thing I want and that's a pair
of skates;
And please be sure that they're the kind that cut
the figure eights

Ned's Letter to Santa Claus

Like Charley Tucker's do, and yet, I 'd rather you 'd
have mine

A little better 'n his so I can cut a figure nine.

I want some toys and picture-books and games of
every kind ;

My Uncle Henry says they 're good for my ex-
panding mind.

If there are any other things that I've forgot to
name,

I hope, my dear, good Santa Claus, you'll bring
them just the same.

Mamma says that at Christmas-time love ought to
fill each breast

And all we wish ourselves we ought to wish for all
the rest ;

So when you bring me lots and lots of candy sweet
and fine,

Please bring some more for sister Kate so she
won't tease for mine.

NEIGHBOR JONES'S NOTION

AN' so she slept, while the neighbors came
To the darkened house that day ;
With weepin' hearts they breathed her name
In the kindest sort o' way.
An' never a one but through her tears
Spoke some sweet, lovin' word
She had carefully kept unsaid fer years ;
But the corpse — it never heard.

An' they brought her flowers rich an' rare,
Jest full o' sweet perfume,
An' wreaths o' roses everywhere
Made glad the darkened room.
I thought of her life in sorrow hid,
An' the world o' joy if she
Could 'a' owned them wreaths on her coffin-lid ;
But the corpse — it could n't see.

An' here 's a word fer neighbors dear,
Who would praise me gone, no doubt :
If you have joys to see an' hear
Why don't you fetch 'em out ?

Neighbor Jones's Notion

All these post-mortem carryin's on
Are proper-like an' nice,
But with the one that 's dead an' gone
They don't cut any ice.

THE FOURTH IN EASYVILLE

FOURTH o' July in Easyville's a purty big
affair,

The town is jest a-boomin' an' they's folks from
everywhere.

An' down at Hoover's blacksmith shop, afore the
break o' day,

The anvil's filled with powder, an' they let 'er
blaze away.

They ain't no sleepin' after that, er, anyway, fer
me,

I'm up an' dressed an' takin' part in all the jam-
boree ;

Fer though I'm gittin' on in years, I'm jest as
fond o' noise,

An' when the Fourth is here, you bet I'm trainin'
with the boys.

I've got an army musket that's so mighty loud,
by jing,

I'm allers sort o' half afraid to fire the blamed old
thing.

The Fourth in Easyville

I carried her through the four years' war, an' that
is why, I 'low,
There 's somethin' in that bark o' hers that 's kind
o' soothin' now.

By ten o'clock the show begins ; there 's music in
the air ;
The town 's chock full o' people ; teams hitched
clear around the square.
Our band o' six brass horns, besides a bass an'
tenor drum,
They tune up in the band-stand, an' you bet they
make things hum.

An' then the "Horribles" parade, an', say, it 's
my idee
That there 's a gorgeous spectacle worth goin'
miles to see.
Of all the blamed outlandish things there is be-
neath the sky,
You 're mighty sure to see 'em when them "Hor-
ribles" go by.

Some extry fine picked voices from the village
choir sing
"My Country, 'T is o' Thee," you know, an' all
that sort o' thing ;

The Fourth in Easyville

An' then Cy Jones, as he has done fer more
than thirty year,
He reads the Declaration in a voice serene an'
clear.

The band plays "Hail Columby," an' we have
another song,
An' then there comes the speeches, eloquent,
o' course, but long ;
An' that 's the way the eagle screams from early
mornin' till
The peaceful stars is shinin' on the ca'm of
Easyville.

I go to church o' Sundays, an' I jine in with
the rest,
An' sing them good old tunes about the mansions
o' the blest ;
But where it says that every day 'll be Sunday,
by an' by,
I 've wondered how we 'll do without the Fourth
day o' July.

FARMER BROADACRE'S CHRISTMAS

“CHRISTMAS comes but once a year.” Well,
gosh all hemlock ! who
That has the Christmas bills to pay would ever
ask fer two
Er three er four, er any more than what we have
to-day ?
There may be some, but say, by gum ! I ain’t
built jest that way.

A sled ’ll be the thing fer Ned, an’ a pretty doll
fer Nan,
An’ books an’ toys an’ lots o’ joys fer little crippled
Dan,
Fer he can’t go about, you know, like other boys,
an’ run,
An’ so that’s why we all must try to help him
have his fun.

An’ Liza — how these girls come up ! — she don’t
want dolls no more ;
She’s got a beau — it can’t be so ! — a-clerkin’
in a store.

Farmer Broadacre's Christmas

But, after all, she 's 'bout as tall as was her mother
when

I, blushin', bought the ring that 's brought so
much o' joy since then.

An' so a year that could n't bring a Christmas,
seems to me,

Would be about the saddest thing a mortal man
could see,

Fer who would miss the Christmas bliss, because
there 's bills to pay ?

There may be some, but say, by gum ! I ain't
built jest that way.

A CINCH ON SUCCESS

MY child, would you achieve success and stand
among the great ?

Well, I will tell you how to get a Fortune while
you wait !

First, you must read the papers which espouse
that sort of thing ;

Subscribe at once for Hustle ! Snap ! Push !
Grab ! Shove ! Biff ! Bang ! Bing !

When you have reached five years of age learn
Latin, French, and Greek ;

Sell papers night and morning and make sixteen
cents a week ;

Invest it in some Railroad Bonds, as every smart
boy does ;

And night and day don't stop to play, but keep
things on the Buzz.

While running errands read some book that treats
of this or that

“Sure Road to Wealth” ; paste lots of Business
maxims in your hat ;

A Cinch on Success

Have hanging up in front of you to Study While
You Eat

Professor Gradgrind's rules on "How to Get There
with Both Feet!"

A cyclopædia by your bed should always find a
place

So when you Lie Awake at Night, as sometimes is
the case,

You can Improve Your Mind with draughts of
learning, long and deep,

But don't read trashy story-books nor anything
that's cheap.

In childhood learn to fix your eye upon The Real
Main Chance,

Do naught unless It Pays, and try to Get It in
Advance.

In all that may confront you let your "Business
Motto" be

To ask yourself the question, "What is There in
This for Me?"

Regard that day as worse than lost that sees not
Some Amount,

However meagre, added to your Savings Bank Ac-
count.

A Cinch on Success

Don't pay too much attention to your conscience
or your heart,
But get A Lot of Money and the world will think
you Smart.

So mind these rules and you 'll outstrip the foolish
little boys
Who love to run and laugh and play amid their
childish joys ;
Their golden hours will all be filled with many a
childish prank,
While you 'll be putting, day by day, Good Money
in the Bank !
The while they read their Fairy Tales you 'll
gather Vital Facts,
And cram your head with Business till your little
noggin cracks.
But when they 're poor and living on a farm or in
a flat,
You 'll own a House, a Bob-Tailed Horse, a Cart,
and High Silk Hat !

THE STEADY WORKER

WHENE'ER the sun was shining out, Squire
Pettigrew would say,

“Now, hurrah, boys! it's just the time to be
a-making hay,

Because, you see, the sun's so hot 't will cure it
right away!”

Then all the mowers kept right on a-mowing.
But when a cloud obscured the sun Squire Petti-
grew would shout,

“Oh, now's the time for working while the sun is
blotted out,

A cooling cloud like that will make our muscles
twice as stout!”

And that's the way he kept his men a-going.

Hence, little did it matter were the weather wet
or dry, —

If sunshine filled the valleys or if clouds o'er-
spread the sky,

He'd always think of something which he deemed
a reason why

'T was just the time for him to keep a-working.

The Steady Worker

But, now and then, or so it seemed, the reasons he
would seek

For working on, were quite far-fetched and faulty,
so to speak,

But, oh, they were not half so thin as are the
many weak

Excuses lazy people find for shirking.

THE CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN

IT is simply a matter of dress, I say,
And the feminine half of the race, to-day,
Might hold, in our history, just as great
A place as the lords of high estate,
Had they been permitted to wear the clothes
And follow the selfsame styles of those
Who, having been born of the opposite sex,
Had never a worry their minds to vex.

Had Columbus and all of his valiant crew
Worn hats that the ladies of our times do,
They would n't have sailed in those damp, old
ships,

'T would have taken the curl from their ostrich
tips.

And I 'm more than delighted brave Paul Revere
Did n't say on that night when the foe drew near,
"I 'd like to go warn all the folks, I declare,
But I have n't a thing that is fit to wear!"

Had Wellington dared but five minutes to wait,
In trying to fasten his hat on straight
(While Napoleon's hurrying forces came),

The Clothes Make the Woman

He would n't have climbed to the heights of
fame.

And had Washington lingered to "frizzle" his
hair,

The night that he ferried the Delaware,
He could n't have gotten his army away,
Till the British had gobbled them up next day.

And so, I say, in the race of life,
The woman has more than her share of strife,
And man would find 't would be hard to gain
The prize if he had to manage a train,
A shopping bag and a parasol,
And high-heeled shoes a size too small —
Ah me, oh my ! Why, he'd have a fit,
And he'd never, no, *never* ! come out of it.

HER NUMBER TWO

HER number two ! Oh, favored eyes
Are those which scan its dainty size !
A tiny, fairy-fashioned thing,
With lines so gently tapering ;
Its grace I love to eulogize.

Naught save possession satisfies ;
Once seen, I labored to devise
Plans that for aye to me would bring
Her number two.

I sang her praises to the skies
And waited for her glad replies.
Alas ! she spurned my proffered ring —
She wore another's — cruel sting !
I found I was — false hope that lies —
Her number two.

MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG

A LITTLE, yellow dog is owned across the street from me ;

He barks and *barks* at everything that he can hear or see ;

And when, alas ! there 's not a thing for him to see or hear,

He then resumes his happy task of barking by the year.

At night he 's barking at the moon, at Jupiter and Mars,

And singly and collectively he barks at all the stars ;

And if there comes a moment when I cease to hear his roar,

I lie awake and wonder why he does n't bark some more.

He thinks he guards the neighborhood from harm by day and night,

And so I love that little dog. *He thinks he's doing right !*

And to his simple life I trust no sorrow may befall,
For with his bark forever hushed I could n't sleep at all.

WHEN SHE 'S AWAY

WHEN the good wife 's away for a visit,
And stayeth a week or two,
Pray tell me, kind people, what is it
That maketh the home so blue?
There are ghosts from one end to the other,
In parlor and chamber and hall;
Oh, tell me, why is it, my brother,
That gloom overspreadeth it all?

“She 's gone!” How the doors loudly squeak it;
“She 's gone!” saith the key in the lock;
“She 's gone!” all the stairs fairly shriek it;
“She 's gone!” sadly ticketh the clock.
The plants in the window turn yellow,
Their souls seem to sigh through the room,
And home that was sunny and mellow,
Becometh a cavern of gloom.

Do you know, I 've a notion that heaven
Would truly be sorriest hell
With never a woman to leaven
The place with her magical spell.

When She 's Away

And I 'm sure I 'll be awfully dreary
Up there in those mansions above
Unless they 're made gracious and cheery
With smiles of the woman I love.

MANY AND MANY A TIME

MANY and many a time I held
Her hand so soft and small and white ;
My breast with joyous rapture swelled,
My brain was drunken with delight :
I vowed if she would wear my ring
Her life would be a perfect rhyme ;
I called her "angel," "bird of spring,"
"My star," and all that sort of thing
Many and many a time.

Many and many a time since then,
When erstwhile sunny skies were hid,
I've wondered how it was and when
We ever thought the things we did.
And one rash day I breathed the name
Of one I loved in life's glad prime ;
"Would I had wed her ere you came,"
I said. Said she, "I've wished the same
Many and many a time."

ONLY A WORD

TELL me something that will be
Joy through all the years to me.
Let my heart forever hold
One divinest grain of gold.
Just a simple little word
Yet the dearest ever heard ;
Something that will bring me rest
When the world seems all distressed.

As the candle in the night
Sends abroad its cheerful light,
So a little word may be
Like a lighthouse in the sea.
When the winds and waves of life
Fill the breast with storm and strife,
Just one star my boat may guide
To the harbor, glorified.

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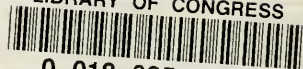
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